THE LIVING AGE

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for June, 1935

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

TWO years of Hitler have made almost as many cynics as eight years of Wilson did. Wilhelm Stefan, émigré contributor to the *Europäische Hefte*, agrees with Bernard Shaw that war has become so destructive that no nation will dare attempt it. He therefore argues that 'there will be no war' although he qualifies this prophecy by the statement that, if and when France goes Fascist, Hitler will find an adversary prepared to give him a fight.

IN CONTRAST to this highly intellectualized and theoretical discussion, we present a straightforward German review of a new book on the nature of the next war by a French officer, Colonel de Gaulle. Neither the reviewer nor the author wastes a single word speculating on the chances of war—both take it for granted, and it is significant that this belligerent book from France was at once translated into German and received a rousing reception in the German press.

JEAN GUÉHENNO contributes regularly to the monthly magazine, *Europe*. He is a war veteran and the author of the recently published *Journal d'un homme de quarante ans* that the novelist Jean Giono reviewed ecstatically in our columns a few months ago. M. Guéhenno does not go in for Herr Stefan's game of cracking paradoxes and perhaps for that reason presents a more convincing statement of the case for peace.

ARMAND CHARPENTIER, contributor to Henri Barbusse's *Monde*, presents the Communist attitude toward the war danger. He quotes from several French authorities similar to Colonel de Gaulle and shows that with the aid of the Government and the press they have deceived the masses of the people as to the character of the next war. In spite of the grimness of his theme, M. Charpentier manages to evoke not a little humor from it.

OUR editorial article indicates the need for a distinctively American foreign policy by defining the aims of the other great nations in this year of grace. Special attention is devoted to England not only because it is the most powerful nation on earth but because our own Department of State remains to all intents and purposes an adjunct of the British Foreign Office and has been assigned the special function of supporting the *status quo* in Asia for the benefit of the British Empire. The article ends by proposing that the United States withdraw from this silent partnership and give up the imperialist game entirely. As in our article, 'Roosevelt Drifts toward War,' the utterances of General Smuts, unofficial spokesman for the British Empire, are given great weight.

LAST fall and summer we translated several articles on Argentina by Raúl Scalabrini Ortiz, who gave a great many facts and figures concerning his country's dependence on foreign capital and took up the cudgels for nationalism. This month we present the opinions of an Argentine Socialist, who attributes the slow growth of radical groups to the fact that the Argentinians of Spanish origin, like the North Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin, believe that they are destined to belong to the middle class, while the proletariat, like the corresponding class in the United States, is made up of recent immigrants from other parts of Europe, who have difficulty in pooling their interests.

JULIEN BENDA is known on both sides of the Atlantic as the author of *La Trahison des clercs*, translated into English as *The Treason of the Intellectuals*. His essay on humanism and Communism praises the

(*Continued on page 376*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

June, 1935 *Volume 348, Number 4425*

The World Over

THE FOURTH BUDGET that Neville Chamberlain has prepared as Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British National Government disregards the interests of 90 per cent of his own people almost as cynically as it ignores the obligations of Great Britain to the United States. Francis Williams, financial editor of the Laborite *Daily Herald*, calls it the 'Budget of Great Silences,' but even Mr. Williams has nothing to say about Mr. Chamberlain's most glaring and perilous omission. For the third year in succession the greatest creditor nation on earth, a nation that not only boasts a balanced budget but that arrogates to itself a unique reputation for financial integrity, has deliberately defaulted a debt that saved its very existence less than twenty years ago and that has already been scaled down once. The rank cowardice of the American Department of State in ignoring this default while protesting Germany's failure to make payments on the Morgan-floated Young and Dawes Plan bonds may distract public attention for the moment, but the consequences of Britain's repudiation, not on the United States but on Britain itself, cannot be exaggerated. It is not the supine creditor but the dishonest debtor that Britain's own debtors will some day remember. And, when that day comes, British credit, the supreme creation of three hundred years of empire, will cease to exist.

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But the same shortsightedness that is destroying the good name of Britain before the world is also destroying whatever reputation the National Government may still enjoy with the masses of the British people. For Neville Chamberlain's budget lays a still heavier burden on the 17,625,000 working-class families of Great Britain with incomes of less than £250 a year while it slightly eases the income tax burden on 1,450,000 lower-middle-class families with incomes that range between £250 and £500. Here is the way Mr. Francis Williams explains what Mr. Chamberlain has done:—

> Since 1931–32 the burden of taxation has been steadily and progressively shifted from those of great means to those of small means. In that year, indirect taxes—customs, excise, and stamps—accounted for 38.7 per cent of total tax revenue. This coming year Mr. Chamberlain proposes to raise about 46.5 per cent of his taxes indirectly from consumers.
>
> To put it another way, in every £ of tax revenue in 1931–32, 7s. 10d. came from indirect taxation and 12s. 2d. from direct taxation, in which the main items, of course, are income tax, super tax, and death duties. This year, out of every £, 9s. 4d. will have to be found by the indirect taxpayers against 10s. 8d. by direct taxpayers.

According to Mr. Williams, the National Government is squeezing the impoverished 90 per cent of the population and relaxing pressure of the better-to-do 10 per cent. The results of this policy may be as dangerous to its domestic fortunes as the repudiation of the American debt will be to its fortunes abroad.

AUSTRALIA MAY be the first country to give London a dose of the same medicine of repudiation that London has been administering to Washington. On the eve of the Imperial Jubilee its meat producers struck a discordant note by threatening wholesale debt repudiation unless the National Government excluded Argentine meat from the British market. This put the London banks in an exceedingly ticklish position not only because they have huge investments in Argentina but also because the Argentine meat producers are not protected by high tariffs and therefore can undersell the Australians, who have maintained the highest price level and standard of living in the world. The Australian meat producers are more than willing to have lower tariffs, but Australian industry, which requires high protective duties to survive at all, will not hear of such a thing. Meanwhile, the National Government has the additional problem of protecting British farmers, who want high tariffs against both Australian and Argentine products. Since the Ottawa Conference of 1932 imports of foreign beef and mutton to England have declined 14 per cent, whereas imports from the Empire have risen 17 per cent. According to the *New Statesman and Nation*, the Australians are not content with this gain but want also to capture the trade in

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chilled, as distinct from frozen, beef, which has hitherto been an Argentine monopoly.

HITLER'S RÉGIME in Germany has received no more eloquent vindication than the increase of the birth rate from 14.7 per thousand in 1933 to 17.9 per thousand in 1934. One of the gravest indictments of the Weimar Republic was that under it the birth rate fell steadily and, in dropping below the rate of 17 per thousand, made a declining population ultimately inevitable in Germany. To have reversed this trend in less than two years and to have given Germany reason to hope that its population will not decline and may even increase during the second half of the twentieth century is far and away the greatest feat that the Nazis have performed. But there are several unexpected flies in the ointment. The birth rate has always been higher near the frontiers, where more foreign elements are present, than in the interior of the country, where the purest breed of German is to be found. Thus we find Upper Silesia with its Polish minority reporting a birth rate of 23 per thousand while the Saxons in the heart of the Fatherland are breeding at the rate of only 14 per thousand. Advocates of the feudal system also point with pride to the fact that the birth rate is higher on the big estates of the East Prussian Junkers than on the small individual farms of Baden and Hesse. They are less eager, however, to point out that infant mortality is also greater in the regions with the higher birth rates. What chiefly impresses the Nazis is the fact that the birth rate is lowest of all in the big cities, where one-third of the population of Germany lives. The greater fertility of rural districts has a distinct bearing on the efforts of the Third Reich to persuade city dwellers to return to the land.

HAVING TAKEN care of Fritz Thyssen, 'the man behind Hitler,' by enabling him to gain control of the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, or German Steel Trust, the Third Reich has turned its attention to the I. G. Farbenindustrie, or German Dye Trust, which is now the real power behind the scenes. By the end of 1935, this concern, which used to be capitalized at 400 million marks and which spent between 25 and 30 million marks a year on upkeep and improvements, will have spent 300 million marks of state-supplied funds on new plant and equipment, and, as early as April of this year, its share capital had risen to 680 million marks. A few comparisons will indicate the magnitude of this operation. Imperial Chemical Industries, the corresponding British trust, which is capitalized at 80 million pounds sterling, puts an average of 3 million pounds a year into new equipment. Translated into dollars, I. C. I. is capitalized at $400,000,000 and I. G. Farbenindustrie at $160,000,000—previous, that is, to 1935. But there are not a dozen other trusts of equal size in Europe,

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and, when the additional $120,000,000 will have been spent this year, the German Dye Trust will be in a class by itself on the continent of Europe. The new factories will be given over chiefly to making substitute products, especially artificial gasoline and rayon, and probably synthetic rubber. Not to mention poison gas.

THE EXTENT and the nature of Germany's economic revival have not passed unnoticed in England. The London *Statist's* Berlin correspondent points out that the two largest independent banks in Germany, the Deutsche Bank and the Commerz- und Privat Bank, increased their business by 8 per cent and 15 per cent respectively during 1934 and that industrial production increased 25 per cent. Thyssen's steel trust has shared in the general gain, its production of crude steel during the first three months of 1935 having increased 27 per cent over the corresponding period last year. Germany's steel exports during the latter half of 1934 also showed a 50-per-cent rise from the low point of the depression. As a result of these developments, certain British Conservatives are urging the National Government to collaborate with Hitler rather than with France, and they have found their most important spokesman in Ward Price, Berlin correspondent of Lord Rothermere's *Daily Mail*. Mr. Price, who has become Hitler's unofficial spokesman to the foreign press, has described Germany's attitude toward England as follows:—

> Very highly placed Germans say that, when they were talking to Sir John Simon, they understood that the entire past was to be blotted out and that in the future Britain and Germany would work together on a basis of absolute equality and individual sovereignty to make the peace of Europe more secure. 'My mission,' said Herr Hitler during these conversations, 'is to restore the German nation to its old standards of self-respect and absolute independence of all outside interference. That is a matter on which I cannot compromise in the slightest degree, but, under that reservation, I am ready to coöperate for world peace with the other western European Powers.'
>
> Such are the reasons that responsible Germans advance for the astonishment and indignation that they express at the British Government's association in Geneva with the League's condemnation of the German repudiation of the military clauses of the Peace Treaty. It is now being asked on every hand whether the action of the British Government in supporting the vote of censure was not an act of unparalleled folly.

HOLLAND'S CURRENCY difficulties reflect the economic difficulties of Dutch imperialism as a whole and arise from four principal causes. First, rising tariffs have cut off Dutch agriculture from most of its foreign markets and have compelled the Government to save the native farmers by raising prices artificially to as much as three times the world level. Second, by maintaining the gold standard, Holland has been un-

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able to reduce the cost of industrial production sufficiently to meet the competition of the sterling bloc and the United States. Third, the shipping business, always one of the foundations of Dutch prosperity, has been virtually ruined by the slump in world trade. Fourth, falling prices in sugar and rubber have reduced the income of the Dutch East Indies, and Japanese competition has driven out Holland's exports to her own colonies. A prominent Rotterdam business man gave expression to these revealing opinions before the local Chamber of Commerce just after the Belgian currency was devaluated:—

> In Antwerp the port dues, which already were very much lower than in Rotterdam, will now drop by the full 28 per cent of the devaluation. That makes an enormous difference. For a loaded vessel of about 8,700 tons, entering and leaving the port, it is a consideration of almost 3,000 guilders, to say nothing of the difference there was already in favor of Antwerp. How can Rotterdam hope to neutralize this by means of a deflationary policy? To do so, it would have to reduce pilotage fees by 80 per cent, port dues by 30 per cent, port laborers' wages by 50 per cent, and so on. How can readjustment be tackled, how can further wage cuts be considered when bread in Holland costs twice as much as in Belgium, when almost all other primary necessities of life, despite plenty, can be bought only at disgracefully high prices?

The speaker answered this question by stating that, although he was 'by conviction and nature an opponent of monetary experiment,' he nevertheless favored devaluation of the guilder.

IN SHIFTING his headquarters from Kiangsi Province, the former Communist stronghold, to Szechwan, much of which is now under Soviet rule, General Chiang Kai-shek made clear to all the world that the battlefield of China's civil war has moved westward. Also, if the old saying still holds true that 'who rules Szechwan rules China,' this civil war appears to be approaching its most important turning point in many years. Up to now Szechwan has had no powerful military commander and has never been brought under anything more than the nominal control of the Nanking Government. Paul K. Whang, a regular contributor to the *China Weekly Review*, describes the condition of the province as follows:—

> This vast province has been *ipso facto* divided into many small 'kingdoms,' and each has maintained its own government and its own army for offense and defense. This anomalous state of affairs has brought in its train continuous warfare, misgovernment, and heavy taxation. As a result, the people have been bled white, commerce and industry have been dislocated, and provincial finance has degenerated into a bankruptcy. In the face of endless sufferings, the people have naturally become restless and dissatisfied with the existing order of things. They have eagerly turned their ears to new 'isms' and alien heresies, which have promised to deliver them from their present sad fate. All these conditions have contributed to making Szechwan a fertile ground for breeding Communists.

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Not only has Chiang Kai-shek moved his headquarters to Szechwan, his finance minister and brother-in-law, T. V. Soong, is planning to join him there. Mr. Whang believes it is impossible to overestimate the importance of these moves:—

> It is our hope that General Chiang Kai-shek, after a brief recess, will apply himself once again to the task that has kept him busy for the past five years. Since he has dedicated himself to the work of ridding China of the Communist menace, he can hardly find his conscience at ease when and if Szechwan should become a second Kiangsi. All his past painstaking efforts will be of no avail if the Red bandits, taking advantage of the chaotic conditions in Szechwan, can firmly entrench themselves in this vast and rich province and become a greater menace to the existence of this country. The success of the Communists in Szechwan will invariably turn all its neighboring provinces 'Red' and increase the Communist influence even in those provinces under the direct control of the Nanking Government.
>
> With this in view, we are inclined to believe that the fate of China hinges upon the successful rehabilitation of Szechwan, which in turn depends upon the presence of General Chiang Kai-shek to direct in person the military campaign against the Red bandits. Under his direction, Szechwan can be saved from the sad fate of Kiangsi, and the people can be delivered from their present plight.

NO LESS IMPORTANT than the struggle for Szechwan is the struggle for the control of China's airways. Here the Pan-American Airways, which owns 45 per cent of the China National Aviation Corporation, has made such headway that the Japanese have become intensely alarmed. Major General Kenji Doihara, head of the Mukden special-service section of the Japanese forces in Manchukuo, has declared that 'Chinese leaders are of the opinion that Asiatic airways should be in the hands of Asiatics' and foresees closer collaboration between China and Japan in the matter of air lines. Here is the way he expressed himself on the subject in an interview:—

> As to how much of these pro-Japanese avowals can be taken at their face value we have our doubts, but Japan should go ahead with its immutable policies and watch developments closely. At any rate, the pro-Japanese gestures by Chinese leaders have enabled the public of China to deal commercially with the Japanese without incurring official odium, which tends to improve trade.
>
> The Chinese seem to have come to regard the independence of Manchukuo with more resignation, but leaders refrain from discussing the matter, as an expression of their views one way or another would place them in an embarrassing position.
>
> What is troubling both Nanking and Canton the most is the Communist menace, and they ardently desire Japanese aid to suppress the movement. This probably is the chief reason why they have grown more friendly toward Japan.

He does not fear an Anglo-American loan to China. 'A hearty handshake between Japan and China,' he maintains, 'should solve the question.'

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THE JAPANESE RAYON industry, which produced 137,790,000 pounds of yarn last year, expects to produce 200,000,000 pounds in 1935 and 300,000,000 pounds in 1936, thus displacing the United States as the leading producer of rayon in the world. The *Diamond*, the foremost economic journal in Japan, believes that the present world consumption of 750,000,000 pounds a year does not mark the saturation point as far as consumption is concerned, but the Japanese Ministry of Commerce and Industry fears a recession and does not relish the prospect of having Japan producing almost half of the present world consumption. What the Japanese officials fear, among other things, is increasing discrimination against Japanese goods. Cuba, for instance, levies the highest tariffs in the world on imports from countries that do not buy from Cuba goods that are worth at least 25 per cent as much as the goods they sell there. While American products enter the island duty-free, Japanese and Russian goods must pay the maximum tariffs. Syria and Canada are also planning to discriminate against Japan unless she buys more of their products. Meanwhile, the attempt of the Japanese Government to curtail Japanese textile exports to the East Indies has antagonized the Japan Spinners' Association, which threatens to sue the State for interfering with the free flow of trade.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT in Japan, which has shown few signs of life since the invasion of Manchuria and the subsequent inflationary boom, appears to have stopped retreating and begun to advance. The number of labor disputes and workers involved dropped steadily from 1931 through 1933, but during 1934 the trend shifted. Agitations against wage cuts have declined steadily, but agitations for higher wages have increased, no doubt because prices have risen while wages have lagged behind or remained stationary. Disputes involving tenant farmers also increased during 1934, reversing the trend of the three previous years, and the number of tenant-farmer organizations has grown steadily. Although trade-union membership has increased in Japan, it has not kept pace with the increasing numbers of industrial workers. More than 70 per cent of the organized workers belong to six national organizations and four local organizations of a conservative character, which have unified themselves into the Japan Congress of Labor Unions. More remarkable, however, is the fact that the twelve smaller Leftist unions have also joined forces as the Japan National Council of Labor Unions. There is but one proletarian political party in Japan, the Social Masses Party, which calls itself anti-Fascist but which is accused by extreme Leftists of suffering from the time-honored affliction of Social Fascism.

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The first of these four articles prophesies peace until France goes Fascist; the second discusses the mobile warfare of the future; the third pleads for peace at any cost; and the fourth pokes vicious fun at the war mongers.

Will There Be WAR?

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR

I. THERE WILL BE NO WAR

By WILHELM STEFAN

Translated from *Europäische Hefte*, German-Émigré Weekly Published in Prague

[*This essay is dedicated, in those parts that may seem untenable, to the British Foreign Minister.* THE AUTHOR.]

THERE will be no war. The assurance with which this conviction is expressed is not to be explained on the obvious ground that the man who expresses it felt a year ago that war was threatening at any minute and denounced it. War presupposes determination and will to life on the part of both disputants. To have discovered these qualities a year ago even outside the Third Reich would not have made one a self-deceived dreamer. But, since the German threat existed at that time and since it seemed fair to assume that Germany's neighbors possessed sufficient will to life not to capitulate, the war seemed to be advancing at accelerating speed. The conclusion was just. The premises false. The threat has increased, but Europe's stubborn determination has vanished. There will be no war.

Furthermore, both as a conception and a reality war seems to be a creation of the nineteenth century and has not survived the twentieth. Wars used

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to be undertaken in the hope that the victor would gain the spoils, in the hope of exaggerated speculation, in the hope of profits that might bear some relation to the investment involved. But it is completely senseless to take a chance on a basis that destroys the chance itself.

Because experience has endorsed the Marxist conception of war as the most advanced form of struggle for raw materials and markets, war in the twentieth century seems to have outlived its day, precisely as a result of the development of technology. It has become utterly senseless for the industry of any imperialist state to fight for raw materials and markets by methods that may lead to the destruction of one's own industrial plant. Things were quite different until the epoch of air warfare arrived. In the old days, masses of men stood between the hungry industrial centres and the opposing Powers. They provided adequate protection for the factories though the development of artillery and the early forms of air attack did involve a certain risk to the industrial hinterland, but until recently it was merely a risk and not a very great one. The development of the airplane as a military weapon has made what used to be a risk into a certainty, so much so that in a future war the factories will correspond to what used to be known as front-line service. The most exposed area in the twentieth century will be the factories.

No, there will be no war. There will be no war, but that does not mean that there will be no aggression and no territorial changes. On the contrary, everything indicates a continuing fluctuation of frontiers unprecedented in history. The strategic theory of the twentieth century might be simplified to the effect that possession is nine points of the law. Though war may disappear, loot will remain. Indeed, now that no war will be waged, the whole world has become a universal object of loot without any ruler and lies easy prey to any attack.

If we had been farsighted ten years ago, we should have understood that, in the light of everything that had happened, nothing would happen. The whole world that sanctioned Poland's theft of the Lithuanian capital of Wilno and D'Annunzio's raid of Fiume, early this year saw history repeat itself on the Chinese Eastern Railway. For ten years everyone prophesied that this railway would be the chief bone of contention in the 'unavoidable' next world war. But the Japanese got it for almost nothing simply because they wanted it and because there is to be no war.

Pacifism is a thing of the past. Every square foot of ground belongs to whoever seizes it. Does Germany want Memel? This request is emphatically refused. What if Germany takes Memel? There will be no war. Shall the whole continent thereupon fall asunder? Rights of occupation are proclaimed over this or any other piece of territory consisting of a few thousand square kilometres. We should not be deceived by the lucrative armament orders that all countries are placing. This century is pacifistic to the point of paranoia. No one can say whether Paris will become a German provincial city,—and, if so, when,—but I am convinced that, even if it did, no war would break out.

That we have outlived war does not, of course, mean that we have outlived national aggression. On the contrary,

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national aggression is increasing. What has changed is that it has become the means of accomplishing its own ends. Time was when national aggression involved the apparatus and the risk of war. In the future, nations will achieve their ends in so far as they are possessed by this spirit. The appetite comes with eating. It is really a fable, and who shall deny its truth? Who, for the sake of a bit of land, for the sake of any land at all, would risk an enterprise the outcome of which would lead either to the total destruction of both disputants, under the best of circumstances, or, at worst, to the total destruction of one disputant? That must not happen during the twentieth century. Here is what the course of the twentieth century will be: everyone, of course, denies that anyone else wants anything, but, if anyone takes what he wants, he always succeeds in keeping the peace.

II

Because armaments have become so hopelessly destructive, men with loud mouths will conquer nations during this century although many people may have imagined that an era of eternal armistice would be quite different and more like paradise.

Why, then, are armaments continuing at a greater rate than ever? Because only by preparing the most destructive instruments of war can peace be maintained. If there were no poison gas and no bombing planes, then a nation that was about to raise its voice would have to fall back only on the weapons it had during the last War to back up its words. In order that war machinery should not be used any more, it must be developed to the maximum efficiency. It must possess the most complete powers of destruction and be available for use in unforeseeable surprise attacks. Moreover, armament goes forward for the same reason that all forms of buying and selling go forward, because it yields a profit.

The popular notion that the armament industry earns much more money fighting a war than preparing for war was always doubtful. And, in the twentieth century, it is certainly a completely erroneous notion. War itself was most profitable to the armament industry at those periods when it made money by speeding up consumption of great quantities of goods that could be produced easily and when simple materials were destroyed. But the ordinary projectile is no longer of decisive value either in warfare or as an object of exchange. The most important apparatus to-day is the expensive, very refined instrument of precision, which yields the armament industry its maximum profit. The volume of production of such instruments, however, is limited. These products of the most expensive specialized labor grow obsolete very rapidly, and every nation must continually supply itself with new equipment because last year's equipment is almost completely useless. Under such ideal circumstances, what need does the armament industry have for war itself? War would, on the contrary, only destroy business, for, in spite of the politeness of neutral nations and their willingness to serve as connecting links between the 'enemies,' it is much easier to sell munitions to all countries during peacetime without reference to political considerations. No, there will be no war.

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Now that armament technique has reached this high pitch of efficiency, there is more money to be made by continually arming for war in time of peace than by fighting. Such an unusual situation is ideal from the point of view of the rulers, for their own interests are completely concealed behind the desires of the popular masses. And, if they did not agree to this form of pacifism, they would, of course, be driven to accept it. But there is no question that the rulers prefer to have their orders coincide with the wishes of the people who are being ruled. So there will be no war.

It is also worth remembering that, when technology is omnipotent, there is no such thing as irreplaceable loss of territory. If a country loses a source of raw materials that some other country has taken away by shouting about it (see above), it will then make ore or copper from earth or air. If it has a harbor taken away, it reaches the sea by the stratosphere. If it loses an industrial district, it will be delighted by such a loss during this period of permanent crisis and will presently build a modern spic-and-span industrial centre overnight in some other part of the country. In short, at a time when technology can accomplish anything, everything is replaceable because all nature can be compelled to yield substitute materials.

Not many years ago things were quite different. Indeed, they were as they had been for many centuries. Who would ever have supposed that Albanian shepherds would build automobiles? One of the basic elements in industrial production was the irreplaceable, organic, traditional place of residence in which the inhabitants of certain countries lived and performed their difficult industrial labors. Lancashire, for instance, dominated the textile world not because of its good machinery but because its workers had been trained for a century. Today things have undergone a radical change. Anyone with the desire and money to do so could import a couple of engineers and teach the Albanians how to make automobiles that would, of course, cost more than Ford cars but that would—and this is the important thing—serve as automobiles.

In the twentieth century anyone can take anything away from anybody else, but also anything can be transported anywhere. An American engineer can transform Albanian shepherds into makers of automobiles, and Ribbentrop can make Simon believe in Hitler's devotion to peace. It is a century in which any task can be performed; it is the century of technical insanity, the ideal century for lunatics. These lunatics have allied themselves to their omnipotent machines, and the 'reasonable' people are so handicapped from the start that they cannot get a word in and always want to capitulate. Therefore, there will be no war.

III

Obviously, all this would be theoretically true if it were expressed the other way around. The same course of events would ensue not only if Germany seized Lorraine but if France occupied the Rhineland. In the light of everything that has occurred, the threat of highly mechanized insanity is so great that nothing will happen anywhere in Europe. From a practical standpoint, however, this is not quite so true of Germany because the Germans are comparatively more pre-

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pared for an enterprise in collective suicide, and, furthermore, they have put themselves in the hands of a Government that has made every European, even including General Staff officers, come to the unquestionable conclusion that the machinery of war must be used. The close proximity of insanity does not irritate Germany's neighbors. They give in to Germany as long as they have anything to yield, and therefore no war occurs.

This essay, as has already been noted, is dedicated in its untenable portions to the English Foreign Minister, and it would be incomplete if it did not indicate how this peace, which is in no way suggestive of paradise, may come to an end. It will end when the third Reich confronts a Fascist France, a totalitarian state totally armed. As long as the involuntary opponents of Fascism are not Fascists but are reasonable people whose power of decision is weakened by certain humanitarian considerations, the system of coördination that has just been described will remain in force. By reason of their easily understandable attitude, these reasonable men are creating the very prerequisites that will give birth in their country to the new 'heroic' and insane type. And, because this is just as certain as Sir John Simon's two-faced attitude in Berlin, any essay that attempts to indicate that war is dying out must close with the assertion that there will be a war. But it will come only when the attitude of Hitler's opponents has made them lose their power and when Hitler's own power has grown to such a point that the war has finally become completely senseless.

II. What the War Will Be

By a Special Correspondent

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt National-Socialist Daily

THE frightful memories that fill the nations of Europe when they recall the World War remind the professional soldier of the immovable front lines, which remained rigid for years while armies with millions of men engaged in futile struggle. General von Seeckt, in his book, *Gedanken eines Soldaten*, was the first man to raise the question of whether the purpose of a quick, decisive war were not better served by a small professional army of volunteers—supported, of course, by a militia—than by the old cumbersome mass army. Now a French officer, Lieutenant Colonel Charles de Gaulle, appears with a book entitled *Vers l'armée de métier*, which advocates the professional army with even more enthusiasm than Seeckt did seven years ago. Gaulle's book has received wide attention in France, and, since it appears just when Germany is reconsidering the necessities of national defense, it will create controversy in our country, too.

Gaulle wants to avoid a repetition of the military events of 1914. He does not want the rich northeastern industrial area of France invaded by a possible enemy. He does not want to see enemy troops closing in on the capital, which was saved twenty-one years ago only by a chain of unusual

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circumstances. One lost battle can put Paris in the hands of the enemy. For that reason France must have from the very start of the war troops quite different from the unprepared army of 1914 and capable of holding off the foe.

Gaulle believes that mechanization provides the method of attaining this end. He loves the technical aspects of the modern army, but he does not love them for their own sake. He loves them because they have given new life to the military spirit. In the last War impersonal machines impaired the real soldier's virtues, whereas in the next war they will increase these virtues. Swiftness, rather than long preparation, will again be the decisive element in winning battles. Gaulle describes the outbreak of war in words that move at an exciting pace. He foresees battalions of tanks advancing like cavalry in ancient times and sudden attacks of huge flying squadrons. He prophesies that the defeated enemy will be struck down after the lines have been completely broken through, and he anticipates a decisive and complete victory. All this is to take the place of the endless, wearying, almost senseless activity of the last War. No longer will weeks be spent massing heavy artillery, and there will be no preliminary fighting over a few kilometres of blood-soaked soil, ending in the complete exhaustion of the victor. Gaulle believes that such things are over and done with for all time.

But Gaulle does not believe that this ideal of quick, decisive war can be fought by the old type of short-term army. This type of war demands a high degree of skill in the operation of complicated weapons, which can be mastered only after long experience. This training must be coördinated while the military morale of each individual is developed, and only a volunteer professional soldier will be capable of fighting. Gaulle therefore foresees a professional army waging the war of the future.

New methods of fighting will, of course, require a new spirit of leadership. There will be no more meticulous advance reckoning, no more anxious waiting behind the front lines, but quick decisions and lightning speed. The general of to-morrow will really stand at the head of his troops or supervise the battle lines from the air. 'And if, as in former times, a long list of fallen generals appears at the head of the casualties, then there will be a real brotherhood of arms that is worth more than stripes and decorations.'

The new type of army will not exist in such a conservative country as France unless the life of the nation is completely made over. Gaulle hopes and desires with all his heart that a national renaissance will occur and express itself, first of all, in the army.

II

His descriptions are so brilliantly written that it is hard to choose any one passage for quotation. The prospect of a campaign in which the dreary triumph that machinery won during the last War is broken, in which the old soldierly virtues of surprise, cunning, and mobility are restored, appeals to the younger officers. The only question is whether the more mature and experienced leaders of the army can be persuaded to abandon their old convictions.

What Gaulle's imagination has

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called forth is really a wish-fulfillment, a possibility. It is not a fixed aim that can certainly be attained. On August 8, 1918, we Germans had a bitter enough experience with the overpowering force of tanks, and since then their numbers and strength have been multiplied many times over. But no manœuvres have yet settled the doubtful question of whether thousands of tanks burning oil and gasoline far from their sources of supply can survive enemy artillery fire and enemy airplanes. Gaulle himself has seen enough of men who are exhausted to know that, as long as their morale is good, they are always able to summon up one last burst of strength, but that even the best motor in the world can not be moved when the last drop of gasoline is exhausted.

Furthermore, all nations have improved their military tanks. In this department, therefore, everything remains uncertain, and only an emergency will be able to reveal whether Gaulle's theories are practical. In supporting them he quotes many fellow authorities in every country in the world and mentions many new developments. But is it wise to depend entirely on theories that have never been put into practice?

III

His other theory—that soldiers who are not trained professionals are worse than superfluous—has already been rejected to some extent and certainly has not been proved. No one would be so foolish as to compare the jungle warfare in the Chaco with conditions in Europe, but one cannot remain completely uninfluenced by the lessons of this struggle, in which the Bolivians declared war with an army of eight thousand men, which was extremely well trained by South American standards, but now have forty-five thousand men under arms. A great many of these have received what training they did by actual fighting, and many others did not receive more than three months of instruction. They certainly could not be compared with the skilled Bolivian army of three years ago, but they have received enough training to enable them to drive trucks to the front and defend themselves with submachine guns against sudden attacks. How much more successful Bolivia would be to-day if its army had enjoyed the support of these men at the very outset.

Again and again experience endorses the old, almost banal principle that a field marshal has never had cause to complain of having too many troops but that generals often have cause to complain of insufficient troops. Certainly there are more professional soldiers in any given army to-day than there were in 1914, and only professional soldiers are capable of operating the mechanized fortifications on the eastern French frontier and conducting tanks and military planes. But, in addition, hundreds of thousands of men are always needed to carry out the actual attack, to hold the ground that has been gained, and, last but not least, masses of infantry men are required to occupy the country itself after the tanks and shock troops have advanced. To teach these men how to use a weapon, to give them the necessary spiritual and physical powers of resistance require a period of training of about one or two years. Perhaps some decades hence armies will be so developed that they will

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correspond to the imaginary picture that Charles de Gaulle has sketched, but the army of to-day and to-morrow will remain an army of universal military training with a strong body of voluntary, professional soldiers at its core.

Have the nations ground for complaint on this score? Lieutenant Colonel de Gaulle's book leaves no doubt of his opinions on this subject in the following passage, in which he states: 'Only the idea of revenge kept our officers in a state of tension for forty years.' He then demands that the state use the army as a means of executing far-reaching plans, 'for the goddess of victory gives herself only to those who desire her even in their dreams.' How does he plan to keep the professional army alert, ambitious, and ready for action? Perhaps this sentence gives the answer: 'A favored soldiery that does not want to fight any real enemy presently sinks into decay.'

No one can read these words without reflecting upon them. They express the old idea that European history has endorsed—that a pure professional army without any popular militia to support it is more eager to wage war than trained masses of men. Germany regards universal military service as something more than a military implement. It considers the army as the great school for strengthening the inner powers of the nation, nor are its capabilities for maintaining the peace disregarded. The long centuries in which Europe depended on professional armies were marked by periods of almost unbroken war with only brief interludes of peace. The nineteenth century was the first century of universal military service, and never were so few wars waged as during that time.

III. Illusions of War

By Jean Guéhenno

Translated from *Europe*, Paris Political and Literary Monthly

THIS morning in the street I heard a man talking about Hitler. 'After all,' he said, 'you can't keep a lunatic from making mistakes.' And this man did not understand that he himself was far more insane than Hitler. People are becoming accustomed to the idea that war may come to-morrow; some already write that it is inevitable. The time has come when we shall need all our reason to 'want peace.'

Jules Romains's little book, *Le Couple France-Allemagne* (Paris, Flammarion, 1935), which appeared a few weeks ago, gives an important example. Events move so rapidly that we have perhaps already gone beyond the situation it presents. The demands its author sets forth may already be impossible. But no matter. I still recommend it to our readers, for they will find in this work the intellectual honesty and reason without which we shall never achieve peace. In writing this article, I should like to conform to Romains's example and to put my ideas in order.

Shall we commit the same mistake that we have so often reproached our elders with? The men who were forty

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in 1914 did not want war; with the exception of a few madmen, no one in any country really desired it. Their mistake was not to have wanted peace and to have done none of the things that such a desire demands. Their excuse, if they have one, is that they did not know what the War would be like, that they could not know, for such a cataclysm was beyond human foresight. But we know, and, if we repeat their error, we shall have no excuse. The men who were forty in 1914 may have been stupid, but we, if we let events get the better of us, will be stupid and criminal.

The men of 1914 did not want peace because they had permitted the idea of the inevitability of war to penetrate their minds. Their policies aimed to forestall it, not to prevent it. What favored such resignation? Hopes. The most banal hope was that, after all, one would see: each man counted on victory for his own side. In the more noble cases, one hoped by means of this war to impose an ideal mode of life on Europe—culture, civilization, and so forth. We know what followed. There were no conquerors, there were only the conquered. All Europe was ruined. Since that day she has been looking for a *modus vivendi*.

II

We must prosecute and destroy the vague hopes within ourselves that might permit to-day the same weakness and the same resignation. For I must say immediately that I personally cannot believe that the 'merchants of death' alone, the capitalists alone, are the makers of modern wars. Each one of us is responsible for war in so far as he accepts the idea of its possibility, and the 'merchants of death' would be powerless without our weaknesses, our prejudices, and our preconceived ideas.

The nationalist hope and illusion is always the same—the hope of victory and of a new procession under the Arc de Triomphe. I shall not dwell on this idea because I am convinced that to-day it is one of the least dangerous ones. The nationalists alone are not capable of dragging the nation into a new war. Even in 1914 they would have been powerless were it not for the anti-nationalists' illusion that they were fighting a 'war for justice.' And to-day they would be equally powerless were it not for the anti-nationalists' illusion that they would be fighting 'a war for the revolution.'

Such is the hope against which we must defend ourselves, which I personally consider the most dangerous, because it is against this that I myself must struggle and because it is this idea that is most capable of luring the masses. I shall call this illusion the revolutionary illusion.

We see altogether too well how a government could use our hatred of Hitlerism. It is not Germany, it would say, that we are fighting, it is Hitlerism, it is Hitler. And thus we should go to war to free the oppressed German people; thus two years ago they would have mobilized against Italy under the pretext of destroying Mussolini's Fascism. This is the first form of the illusion by which we must not be duped. If I must choose between peace and Hitlerism in Germany, I choose peace. It is up to the German people themselves to overthrow Hitler. And, so long as he remains in power, I believe that fighting Hitler is fighting the German people.

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Another even more dangerous form of the same illusion may be phrased as follows: a growing number of revolutionaries think that from now on we must choose between peace and revolution. They accept the idea of war. They say it is inevitable because they carry the conviction that revolution will follow in its wake.

I shall reply that the German nation was never less divided than it is to-day and that any war undertaken against it cannot fail to be national. It may be that, if the war were drawn out over a period of years, it would turn into revolution. But a Fascist revolution as well as a socialist one may be the issue, and I will go so far as to say that between peace and immediate socialist revolution at the price of war I still choose peace.

In a letter addressed to *Monde*, Romain Rolland writes, 'A war would only serve the Hitler dictatorship by creating around it the forced concentration of a nation turned against the enemy. At the same time, it would create in the countries fighting Germany a state of dictatorship, which would be no better and which is the secret hope of the reaction. It is not war, it is peace that is deadly for Hitlerism.' Those words are wisdom itself.

III

But the revolutionary illusion may take still another form. It may draw its strength from our most profound feelings. The idea that war is inevitable may gain ground among the best revolutionaries, who vaguely wish us to be prepared because they cannot bear the idea that the fatherland of the revolution is as much as threatened. It is at this point especially that we must take care and that we must want peace above all else. I can understand a young, impatient revolutionist attacking pacifism at any cost, but we are forty and have terrible memories enough. Let this young victim allow us to think of its salvation.

I shall remark that the Russian State, with which the French Government is allied, is not the Russian Revolution. The Government has entered into an alliance with the Russian army, not with the Soviet Revolution. Let us not be the dupes of the diplomats, let us not allow them to use our friendships and our devotion for their own ends. The system of alliances that we condemned along with Litvinov in 1928 cannot become any more agreeable to us because Russian diplomacy now defends it. We cast suspicious eyes at the Franco-German rapprochement in so far as it seemed to threaten the Soviet State. Likewise, we should be suspicious of the Franco-Russian rapprochement in so far as it seems to threaten Germany and in so far as our nationalists believe themselves authorized by this strange alliance to carry on a policy of prestige and force. The system of pacts and armed alliances leads straight to war. And let us not be so naïve as to believe that war fashioned by an Anglo-Franco-Russian coalition against Germany would be a war of Communism against Fascism. The people who hope to save capitalism by such a conflict are as numerous as those who hope to bring about the revolution.

Especially, I object to being led gently toward this dilemma, peace or revolution, as though one excluded the other. We want peace and revolution.

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In writing this article, I thought only of ourselves, not of our masters, for I do not have Jules Romains's authority to address them. I thought of those who make war, not of those who decide upon it and lead it. But I think that, if our masters have not carried on a policy of disarmament, it is because we ourselves have not disarmed.

To want peace is first and foremost, not to give in to any of the illusions that governments are ready to foster in us. To have vanquished these illusions in one's self is to be disarmed. If we were really the voluntarily pacific people we pretend to be, our masters would have to make peace. They would regain their sense of honor and would stop sending the country in pursuit of England or Russia or Germany and would decide to make France, disarmed, modest, and powerful in its reasonable genius and its revolutionary tradition, into a country that once again could, and would, serve as an example and that would become the first cell of the European federation. Then we shall emerge from the age of terror.

IV. Illusions of Defense

By Armand Charpentier

Translated from *Monde*, Paris Communist Weekly

DURING the years immediately following the War the leaders of the General Staff and our Ministers ordered the press to keep silent about asphyxiating gases and incendiary bombs. Thus, for a long time the public was ignorant of the fact that in 1921 the League of Nations had ordered one of its commissions to study the question of chemical warfare. This study, in which the greatest chemists of the world participated, served as the basis for a report, the conclusions of which we summarize as follows: a new war would be almost exclusively an aëro-chemical one; its ravages would be directed primarily at large cities; there is no way of protecting the civilian population.

However, the truth came out bit by bit. A small aviation paper, *Ailes*, published a report in its March 12, 1925, issue. Independent writers, such as Victor Margueritte and Victor Méric, denounced the air danger, the first in *Bétail humain* and *La Patrie humaine*, the second in two books entitled *La Der des Der* and *Fraîche et Gazeuze*.

Our military men and rulers then understood that it was no longer possible to keep the public ignorant of aëro-chemical warfare. Lies followed silence. The public was reassured by being told that the danger was not serious. Of course, airplanes would fly over houses and drop their asphyxiating and incendiary bombs. But there would be some way of stopping them. At that time, the first air manœuvres over Nancy, Lyon, and Toulon took place. Naturally, the result was the diametrical opposite of what had been expected. It was proved that out of a hundred bombing planes not more than twenty-five were brought down. Moreover, a hundred airplanes flying over Paris are sufficient to destroy the

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entire population. M. Langevin, professor in the Collège de France, has declared, 'At the present time, a hundred planes, each carrying one ton of gas bombs, would be able to cover Paris with a cloud of gas twenty metres deep. The operation can be completed in one hour, and in the absence of wind Paris would be completely destroyed.'

Professor Branly, member of the Académie des Sciences, writing in the *Quotidien* for June 28, 1929, drew up the following account of a new war: 'The progress of science twenty-five or thirty years from now would make the next war as great a slaughter as the last one but incomparably more rapid and widespread. Instead of killing eight or ten million men, it would annihilate a hundred million. That is to say, it would destroy a part of the human race and ruin it completely. All the production of human labor would be wasted and civilization would not survive.'

II

In the face of these warnings from the greatest chemist and the greatest physicist of our times, military men and rulers understood that if they did not take action Parliament would finally demand disarmament under pressure from the electors, and that would, of course, mean the end of war, or, in their eyes, the most formidable calamity imaginable. At this point, a military and civil literature sprang up to reassure the population by proving that the air danger was not as serious as certain intellectuals claimed.

Of all these books, the best, the most complete, and the most sincere is unquestionably Colonel Vauthier's *Le Danger aérien*, with a preface by Marshal Lyautey. The author studies the double danger of asphyxiating gas and incendiary bombs. At the very outset he admits that the projected method for preventing enemy planes from flying over a city cannot protect the civilian population effectively. However numerous and vigilant the pursuit planes, they are always unable to prevent enemy planes from crossing what one may call the air frontier of a city, and, even if these death birds were brought down before crossing this frontier, they would have to fall somewhere with their load of bombs, and the suburban population would be destroyed.

We must therefore try to protect urban and suburban populations against the rain of gas that would descend upon them. This protection is possible only by means of masks and shelters, and the latter must naturally be absolutely air tight. And here is the hitch. For whether we build cellars or subways, it is evident that this latter condition will never be fulfilled. There will always be latecomers, who will force open the doors to seek shelter, and gases will enter with them. Moreover, even if we assume that the doors are kept tightly shut, we wonder how thousands of persons thus crowded together will be able to live. Bombardments will go on incessantly night and day. The prisoners will soon exhaust their supplies, if they have any. The air will become unbreathable, and it will be impossible to sleep. Slow death in spiritual and physical torture that none can even imagine will follow. Knowing that they must die, some will prefer to return to daylight and others will commit suicide.

But, terrible as the ravages caused

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by asphyxiating gases will be, Colonel Vauthier believes that they will be nothing as compared to the destruction caused by incendiary bombs. 'The most serious danger is fire. If the cities were attacked by incendiary bombs compounded with white phosphorus, which would provoke a great number of simultaneous fires, they would burn like straw.'

And, further on, 'It is unfortunately all too true that Paris and other large cities are built in such a way that they will be completely burned in the first hours of a future war and that the inhabitants of these cities will suffer terrible losses from gas bombs and explosives. These trials may destroy the fighting spirit and morale of the people even before hostilities begin on land.'

I have no doubt that the country's fighting spirit and morale will be crushed. I think that this is even the best thing that could happen. The ruination caused by an aëro-chemical war will be so widespread, so complete, so formidable that peace will follow rapidly. When thousands and thousands of human beings have been asphyxiated and burned in a few hours, when the Louvre and the Bibliothèque Nationale are in flames and Notre-Dame has crumbled, no government, however criminal, will dare pursue such a work of destruction. There will be immediate peace, peace over the cemeteries. Then epidemics will follow.

But Colonel Vauthier foresees means of protection that will make it possible to carry on the war to the bitter end. And it is here that we enter the domain of real fantasy.

Since our cities, such as they are to-day, 'would burn like straw,' the simplest thing to do is to rebuild them. We shall discuss later how this is to be done. But, pending this reconstruction, preliminary precautions may be taken. Since bombs using aluminothermia and white phosphorus can not be extinguished, the author of *Le Danger aérien* believes that we should begin preparations to-day to evacuate our houses, and he writes, 'It will be necessary to distribute the exits judiciously so that they will not all be destroyed at the same time. Stairways should be built of non-inflammable material, and finally we shall need some means of descent in an emergency—outside stairways made of iron.'

Drawn on paper, these stairways look rather attractive, although bars of steel along the walls are not prone to embellish house façades. But, in practice and in panic, one does not readily visualize women, children, and old men descending the steps while flames burst from the windows and scorch the walls.

No doubt fires will be fought. It will be necessary to provide a sufficient water supply and to forestall bursting water-mains. Thus, Colonel Vauthier writes, 'In order to have an adequate water supply, we shall build in the gardens and parks of the cities numerous lakes, the water of which will serve as an ever-ready reservoir in the struggle against fire.' These little ponds will have a further advantage in the struggle against the microbes that will follow the gases and the incendiary bombs, for they will be used 'for antiseptic spraying.' Very well. The microbes and the fires will be sprayed, but the author fails to mention how many pumps and firemen will be required. If as many as ten

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thousand houses are burning,—and that's a modest estimate,—you can make your own calculations.

It can readily be seen that all these measures are infinitely reassuring. However, one difficulty arises, which Colonel Vauthier is all the more willing to point out because he can solve it so easily. The upper stories provide the best shelter against gas, but one tends to go to the cellar to avoid explosive bombs. This, however, is a dangerous illusion. 'The cellars afford protection only against bomb fragments; they are of no value against a direct hit, even if the bomb weighs only fifty or a hundred kilogrammes.'

The cellars become graves. Under these conditions the maximum of protection is in the middle floors. When we have covered the roof with a stone shield of moderate thickness at the very outset of hostilities, 'we shall stuff the upper stories with materials capable of stopping large bombs. Thus, we sacrifice two or three stories to the fire in advance.'

It is too bad for the people who live on the fifth and sixth floors. They will come down to their neighbors if the latter will accept them. But there are many houses, especially in the outlying districts of the city, that have only two or three stories. What will their inhabitants do? Colonel Vauthier fails to inform us.

Thus, all these precautions are only makeshifts pending the reconstruction of the cities. For we must 'reconstruct the cities on a new basis.' The author of *Le Danger aérien* gives us a precise and complete description of this future city. Its streets are wide. 'The roadway will be at least fifty yards across and the sidewalks not less than twenty yards.' The houses are towers six hundred feet high, set at great distances from one another.

Unfortunately, this reconstruction requires about a hundred and fifty years and several hundred billion francs. However, Colonel Vauthier adds, 'It is possible, no doubt, through the different means of pressure that the State has at its disposal, to reduce this delay.' Conclusion: in a hundred years our grandchildren will be able to sleep quietly during night bombardments, unless, of course, between now and then science should discover some Ray X or Z capable of causing death at a great distance. And that would perhaps be the most fortunate thing, for it would spell the end of passive defense. Unable to defend themselves, the nations would finally make peace.

III

General Duchène, general inspector of air defense, is more optimistic and no less cheerful. He has just made important declarations to an editor of *Figaro* about protective measures that he considers indispensable. His statements appeared in the February 14, 19, and 21 issues. Having declared that 'the seriousness of the air menace is such that it would be criminal not to put the population on its guard,' the General adds, 'Paris is not the only goal, and we have reason to believe that more than two hundred points of French territory will be subjected to air attack when the day arrives. When Germany makes up her mind to attack, she will be able to do so in the midst of a period of utter tranquillity. Squadrons will be ready to bombard the designated points at night in order to spread terror and

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disorganize the means of defense.' In parenthesis, let us remark that, if Germany is able to launch an attack during a period of utter tranquillity,—against which I protest,—France is able to act in a similar fashion.

And now to return to the organization of defense for the civilian population. The first means that General Duchène suggests is to evacuate all people whose presence is not necessary to carry on the life of the city. Moreover, the General says, 'One can estimate that more than sixty per cent of the population would be evacuated in this way,' and General Duchène, who still lives back in 1914, compares this evacuation with the retreat that took place before the attacking German army. I believe that no comparison is possible here, for the retreat of 1914 took place over a period of several days. Moreover, immediate death did not threaten the fugitives. General Duchène, however, has just warned us that air attacks will take place suddenly, a fact that almost everyone suspected. Therefore, the evacuation of Paris and its suburbs, comprising four million people, will have to take place in a few hours under a descending torrent of gas and flaming houses. I am curious to know what means this Inspector General suggests to transport the panic-stricken multitudes.

General Duchène says only this, 'The means of transportation to avoid stoppage and panic have been foreseen. And one may assert that the exodus of the Parisian population, for instance, will be effected normally in a few days.'

A few days! But, according to Colonel Vauthier and all the technicians, Paris will burn in a few hours. Our augurs, who must have a good laugh every time they look at each other, should make up their story and stick to it.

But where is one to take these millions of human beings? Where is one to lodge them, and how is one to feed them? General Duchène coldly adds that it will be sufficient to distribute them 'among the localities, little cities, villages, and farms of the same region.' In other words, the Department of Seine-et-Oise will receive Paris. This is physically impossible, but, if it could be done, these little cities, villages, and farms would immediately become large agglomerations and as such would receive the visitation of gas and incendiary bombs. The danger would be simply moved from one place to another. Instead of dying in one's bed, one would die out in the open.

Meanwhile, the two million poor devils condemned to guarantee the life of the city remain in Paris. Their life consists of putting out fires and rushing underground to avoid gas. It is also necessary to protect the valuable treasures of art and history accumulated through the centuries. How are the Louvre, the Bibliothèque Nationale, Notre-Dame, and so forth to be preserved from burning? Colonel Vauthier, who is endowed with a fertile imagination and a will that no difficulty can rebuff, foresees the possibility of moving them in the course of the future reconstruction of Paris. But General Duchène, a more practical man, resigns himself to their destruction. Very well. But what will remain of France the day when Paris and our other large cities become heaps of ashes?

Finally, after General Duchène has

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admitted that many light-weight bombs are very dangerous,—they weigh only one kilogramme apiece, and an airplane can carry a thousand of them,—he asserts that they will not all explode and that, by taking protective measures that may be easily and inexpensively put in practice in the attics of houses, the fires caused by these bombs can be localized and will not involve the entire house. And the Honorable Inspector General ends with this choice remark: 'A fire watchman should be assigned to each dwelling place.'

This is an exact résumé of the means devised by our strategists to protect the population against aëro-chemical warfare. This is the sum total of the 'passive defense,' and especially of the illusory defense, that Parliament has just adopted. For its sake several billions of francs will first evaporate and then condense in the form of taxes.

Germany's Bombshell Hits Paris

Saturday afternoon at one o'clock M. Pierre Laval was leaving the Quai d'Orsay sincerely assuring the world that there was no news. Nevertheless, he had just received a visit from Mr. Campbell, the British Chargé d'Affaires. The English diplomat had informed him of General Göring's declaration announcing the official establishment of military aviation. Both Paris and London then began studying how to react vigorously but discreetly and without excitement. It was believed that the Reich would not make any further moves for the moment.

Therefore, several hours before the Reichsführer himself had announced the return to conscription, both France and England knew nothing of his new gesture. When the official news of the German decision was made public, there was a moment of excitement in the heart of the French Government. The telephone between the Ministries was buzzing constantly. 'Above all, let's not lose our heads,' repeated M. Flandin. 'We must simply see clearly. Let us not throw the country into a state of excitement.'

'Ha, ha,' said Georges Mandel, Minister of Communications, 'if there is a war, there will be no more elections. Our mandate will continue until hostilities are over.'

'You say that as a joke,' someone pointed out, 'but the terrible thing is that some of your colleagues are going to take it seriously.'

—*Candide*, Paris

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This analysis of the conflicting aims of the various Great Powers leads the author to conclude that American foreign policy should declare its independence of both England and imperialism.

Toward an American Foreign Policy

By THE EDITOR OF THE LIVING AGE

GATHERING war clouds have obscured American foreign policy in an impenetrable fog. France doubles the term of military service, and Germany retaliates by scrapping the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty. The Soviet Union thereupon urges England to endorse the East European Security Pact, and Sir John Simon flies to Berlin to assure Hitler that England is not committed to the Franco-Russian plan of encircling Germany. Italy ships troops to Abyssinia and threatens mobilization if the Nazis raise their heads in Austria. In the Far East the Soviets sell the Chinese Eastern Railway to Manchukuo, and tension relaxes along the Russo-Japanese front.

Every Great Power is making its objectives clear. France and Russia wish to preserve the *status quo*. Italy wants greater opportunities in Africa and the Balkans. Germany wants union with Austria, a slice of Czechoslovakia, and 'a free hand against the U. S. S. R.' Japan wants a protectorate over China. General Jan Christiaan Smuts, unofficial spokesman for the British Empire, has twice made it abundantly clear that England's primary interests lie in Asia and do not conflict with Germany's interests in eastern Europe. Mongolia and Memel, Vienna and Vladivostok, Berlin and Tokyo—the face of the earth is littered with powder magazines. If one of them explodes, what course will American foreign policy pursue?

Every important move that our Department of State has made since the Japanese marched into Manchuria three and a half years ago shows that it remains exactly what it was during the last war—an adjunct of the British Foreign Office. Just as Hoover and Stimson took the lead in opposing Japan's attacks on the Asiatic main-

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land, so the present Administration sanctions naval manœuvres close to Japan this summer, breaks off trade negotiations with Russia, and gives an aggressive character to the projected Transpacific air route by transferring two of the stations—Wake and Midway Islands—from the Department of the Interior to the Navy Department. Secretary Hull even followed England's example toward Germany and criticized Hitler's repudiation of the Versailles Treaty, a document which the United States Senate refused to sign. Meanwhile, whatever Roosevelt may do at home, British foreign policy will proceed in its appointed course, sweeping the Department of State in its wake.

The sheer extent of the British Empire makes it the most powerful influence in the world for peace or war. At the moment, Hitler's plans for rearmament have caused Germany to become the most immediate subject of concern, and Stanley Baldwin's warning of last summer that England's frontiers now lie along the banks of the Rhine still holds—Lord Robert Cecil to the contrary notwithstanding. But, ever since the French army invaded the Ruhr in 1923, the British Foreign Office has resisted the efforts of France to dominate Europe while the Bank of England has not forgotten that France drove the pound off the gold standard in 1931 because it came to the aid of Austria and did not attempt to wreck the Austro-German Customs Union.

Therefore, while the British Foreign Office has a healthy respect and even a sneaking fear of Nazi Germany, it has no great love for France. But, more than it fears France or Germany, the Foreign Office fears social revolution. It remembers that the first Fascist Government in Europe smashed the first Soviet Government west of Russia when Horthy succeeded Béla Kun in Budapest. It remembers that Mussolini's Black Shirts saved Italy from Communism and that Hitler's Brown Shirts liquidated both the Communist and Socialist Parties of Germany. It remembers that the Austrian Heimwehr defeated the Vienna Socialists while a general strike of Communists and Socialists was blocking a Fascist coup d'état in France. The Communist movement has always been stronger in eastern than in western Europe, and it is Fascism in one form or another—not republican France with its civil strife—that has saved Europe from revolution.

The geographic position of the British Isles and the enormous extent of the British Empire give the imperialist statesmen of London no choice but to oppose Communism as their ultimate enemy. And the people of Great Britain share this antagonism to a greater extent than the people of France or Germany do. Unlike Great Britain, France could be virtually self-sufficient and already grows all the food it needs. As for Germany, it lost all its colonies during the War. A Communist revolution in either of those two countries would therefore damage the capitalist class almost exclusively, whereas a Communist revolution in England—or, indeed, in any part of the world with which England trades or where Englishmen have substantial property interests—would reduce the people of the British Isles to the status of Holland or Belgium. As the arch-foe of Communism in Europe, Hitler therefore has his points.

But Hitler does not oppose Communism in Europe only. He would

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beard the Red Bear in its den. When the semi-official *Temps* of Paris, as well as *Figaro*, the *Œuvre*, and the *Intransigeant*, announced that Hitler had said to Sir John Simon in Berlin, 'Give me a free hand with the U. S. S. R., or I will destroy everything,' the Paris press gave itself over to the wholly unnecessary task of pointing out to Great Britain that Hitler meant to attack Russia.

Pertinax, veteran journalist of the *Écho de Paris* and the best-informed newspaper man in France wrote, 'Judging by the information in the English papers, German Fascism in the Berlin negotiations put before the British Ministers an extremely definite plan for unleashing war in eastern Europe. The question of the Soviet Union occupies the foreground.'

Wladimir d'Ormesson, a leading French specialist on foreign affairs, wrote in the same vein in *Figaro:* 'If we put aside all the phraseology surrounding the struggle concerning the Eastern Pact, the National-Socialist idea can be expressed by the formula that German expansion toward the east means sooner or later a war by Germany against the U. S. S. R., but this also means that half of Europe will be dragged into war and a European war will become inevitable.'

Europe Nouvelle, a responsible and authoritative weekly, went still further and asked, 'Does n't England understand that the day will arrive for her when Germany, relieved of all disquiet in the east, will concentrate all her forces in the west?'

But the British are not—as the same periodical goes on to suggest—'blind and weak': they are fully alive to the German danger. After talking to Hitler, Sir John Simon told Parliament that 'a considerable divergence of opinion between the two Governments was revealed,' whereas the Anglo-Soviet statement following Eden's visit to Moscow declared that 'there is at present no conflict of interest between the two Governments on main issues of international policy.' Russia to-day prefers world peace to world revolution; Germany, in preparing for war, also endangers the social order of Europe.

II

Writing in the American *Review of Reviews* for April, Prince Hubertus Loewenstein argues, 'National Socialism is Bolshevism, without Communism in economic administration. Every day that National Socialism lasts increases the prospect of an economic downfall, even if National Socialism itself should not break down. Increasingly it will be forced to sacrifice the economic foundations of private property; otherwise it cannot maintain itself. We see this clearly even to-day: forced domestic loans and the right of the State to seize property. Nothing is more mistaken than to support National Socialism for fear of Communism. It is like trying to drive out the Devil by Beelzebub. Accordingly, one may say that it is National Socialism that is driving the masses into Communism.'

The Soviet Union has already decided to support the *status quo* in Europe and build socialism in one country. The British Foreign Office, on the other hand, hesitates about keeping Europe safe from revolution if that also means keeping Russia safe for socialism.

Bearing this in mind, let us now

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turn to Asia. In London last November, and in his native Capetown last February, General Smuts insisted that England's most important decisions lie in the Far East, and on both occasions the semi-official London *Times* did him the significant honor of reproducing every word he uttered. 'Sleeping Asia is awakening,' he told his fellow South Africans, 'is stirring from one end to the other. Two-thirds of the human race are on the move—no one knows whither.' And then he warbled more insistently than ever his theme-song of three months before:—

'Much as one may disapprove of the policy on which Japan has embarked in her voluntary severance from the peace machinery of the League, and possibly of the Washington Treaties, one cannot but bear in mind that she is passing through a grave internal crisis and a difficult phase of her history and that her present policy may not express her permanent outlook on world affairs. Her situation, therefore, calls for a large measure of patience and good will on the part of other countries. There is to-day a sensitiveness not only in Japan but all over Asia on points of honor and prestige that calls for a double dose of charity on the part of Europe and America. Let us be understanding, friendly, and helpful instead of being suspicious and censorious. But we have to face the possibility that this friendly attitude may fail in its purpose. We should therefore retain a firm grasp on realities and not let our sympathy blind us to the real position and its potential dangers. If Japan proves obdurate and determined to carry out at all costs a policy that threatens a new race in naval armaments or the integrity of China or peace in the Far East, the other Pacific Powers will have to shape their reactions accordingly.

'It is from this point of view that I have more than once expressed my conviction that coöperation between the United States and the British Commonwealth is necessary for the peace of the world. The Dominions have a fundamental sympathy with the United States and desire nothing more than close collaboration with her in world affairs. The somewhat ostentatious aloofness and exaggerated economic nationalism of the United States sometimes make matters difficult, and her constitutional position sometimes makes her foreign policy appear undependable. The question yet arises whether the situation now threatening in the Far East does not call for some more tangible sign of coöperation on the part of the United States. If Japan knew that, treaty or no treaty, there was in fact a policy of practical coöperation between the British and American groups, that knowledge would in all probability of itself suffice to ensure the peace of the Pacific. Convergent policies and active coöperation and understanding between the two greatest sea Powers, backed by their illimitable resources, would be sufficient to guarantee future peace, apart from definite formal engagements for that purpose.'

III

Although both speeches politely criticized Japan and urged an Anglo-American alliance, they maintained a deafening silence on the subject of Russia in spite of the fact that Communism is precisely the force that has awakened 'sleeping Asia.' We may

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safely assume, however, that the British Foreign Office has been guilty of no such oversight.

Russia's immensely superior resources and revolutionary ideology make Britain fear Communism more than Japanese imperialism over the long pull. Nevertheless, Japan has shown signs of beating the Soviet Union to the gun and attempting to lead a revolt of the Asiatic peoples, just as Nazi Germany threatens revolt in Europe. Japanese spies and agents are circulating in Afghanistan, Abyssinia, Asia Minor, Sin-Kiang, Singapore, and Siam. Japanese publicists have warned their countrymen against the 'crisis years of 1935–36.' Japanese armament has progressed further than German rearmament, and the Japanese people did not go through a disastrous war less than a generation ago. Therefore, the Foreign Office fears Japan in Asia as much as it fears Germany in Europe, and General Smuts urges Washington to help keep Tokyo in check.

Over a year ago the *Labour Monthly* of London contained an article by its editor, R. Palme Dutt, who analyzed British foreign policy in terms that apply with added force to-day. Here is the way he described its general character: 'British policy, as always in the most critical moments of the preparation of the combinations for future war, endeavors to wrap up its operations in a veil of ambiguity and obscurity. Similarly, before 1914, up to the very moment of the declaration of war, there remained apparent uncertainty and hesitation of the impartial, undecided, would-be conciliatory onlooker with a complete obscurity as to the exact degree of obligations to the Entente—an obscurity that served to deceive not only the House of Commons and the majority of the members of the Cabinet but also the German Government.'

Mr. Dutt found a precedent in the anti-German outbursts of 1914 for the anti-Russian outbursts of the popular press, which, he argued, is always a more accurate barometer of official diplomacy than the more dignified journals. He then offered this analysis of post-war British diplomacy: 'Ever since Versailles, British policy has, in fact, pursued very clearly marked and consistent aims, despite the fluctuations necessitated through changing circumstances: first, while maintaining the essential basis of Versailles, the alliance with France and the League, to weaken French predominance by assisting German restoration to power and by close relations with Italy; second, to draw Germany from the eastern to the western orientation; third, on this basis to build a bloc of western imperialism under British hegemony; fourth, to coöperate with Japan outside Europe; fifth, on this basis to build the bloc against the Soviet Union and the United States; and, sixth, to direct its main aim against the Soviet Union as the immediate principal enemy and to delay so far as possible the inevitable conflict with the United States.'

As a Marxist, Mr. Dutt insists that Anglo-American rivalry is the basic antagonism of the imperialist world. But our Department of State does not function as logically as Mr. Dutt's intelligence. In 1914 the United States did not rush to the aid of Germany and attempt to destroy its most powerful rival. Instead, it permitted England to violate the freedom of the seas and play horse with the laws of

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nations and the rights of neutrals and belligerents. History is repeating itself to-day, or, rather, the ties of blood, language, and culture are proving even stronger than they were in 1914 and are committing the United States to defend the interests of England in the Far East. But, instead of waiting until the British Empire with its huge stake in Asia becomes embroiled with Russia or Japan, the present Administration antagonizes both England's rivals at once. It decimates the American diplomatic, consular, and military staffs in Moscow and alarms Japan with a billion-dollar naval-building programme.

In consequence, the British Empire occupies the following singularly happy, if somewhat precarious, position. If all goes well, Germany will be kept busy saving the Ukraine from Communism and breaking the golden grip of France on 50 million ruined Central Europeans. Localized wars and revolutions may occur in far-off lands, but Britain will try to hold aloof while the dominance of France is shattered. The game is a risky one, and success depends on keeping any conflicts localized. But the dangers of universal war or revolution are perhaps no greater than those inherent in the present unsound condition, which is perpetuated by brute force alone.

IV

Thanks to Mr. Roosevelt's resolute continuation of the Hoover-Stimson policy, the United States is in a fair way to bear the brunt of any trouble that may break out in the Far East. Our rôle will therefore be roughly analogous to that of France in Europe except that we have a much smaller stake in the Far Eastern *status quo* than France has in the European *status quo*. And, if either conflict spreads and the Second World War arrives, Germany and Japan will be found opposing Russia, France, and the United States. Thus, all England's chief rivals will be at each other's throats, and the Foreign Office will then proceed to throw its decisive weight—as late in the day as possible—on the side with which it can strike the best bargain.

As Karl Radek pointed out last summer in *Izvestia:* 'English imperialism believes that, in spite of its decline in the post-war period, it has just completed a superb manœuvre and that it is now possible for it to play the same rôle that the United States of America assumed during the World War and make a lot of money by neutrality, later appearing to divide the spoils and demand a large share of the loot for itself *quia leo Britannicus sum.*'

Not all these hypotheses are unassailable, but perhaps the safest of the lot is that the American Department of State will not form a positive or independent policy. The current excitement in Europe need not, however, seriously concern it as the British Foreign Office does not require American assistance in that quarter. But, if Japan takes advantage of European disturbances to proceed against China or Russia and repeats the 'Twenty-One Demands' of 1915, which almost made China a protectorate, then the United States would be expected to crash headlong through the familiar 'Open Door.' The same conduct would also be expected if trouble breaks out first in Asia, for the white man's burden in the Far East now rests on

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American shoulders. The United States has become the principal pillar of the British Empire.

This rôle may seem difficult to reconcile with the rôle of supporting the Soviet Union against Japan, but we shall fight Japan only if Japanese imperialism threatens British imperialism before Russian Communism does. The possibility of war against the Soviet Union is by no means excluded in some future difficult to foresee amid the rapidly changing events and alliances of to-day.

But the real scope of American foreign policy not only transcends the interests of Japan, Russia, or Great Britain; it transcends the entire Far East. For it involves choosing a universal policy toward Latin America, Africa, and Europe as well as toward the Orient. This means at the very outset a choice between self-sufficiency and dependency. But is there really any choice here at all? Increasingly rapid communications, increasing specialization, and the mutual dependence of many widely separated areas make only one outcome possible unless the world relapses into a new Dark Age. It might be physically possible for the United States to retire into its storm cellar, but this simply does not enter the realm of practical politics as long as even one-tenth of our total production goes abroad. We may be able to ignore the outer world, but other countries cannot live without us.

Therefore, as between self-sufficiency and dependency we must choose dependency—but dependency on whom or on what? It is our present dependency on international capitalism—otherwise known as imperialism—that makes it difficult for the Department of State to keep out of war, and, even if it declared its independence of the British Foreign Office, that could lead only to increased Anglo-American rivalry. For the subordination of American to British foreign policy is merely part of our larger dependency on a world-wide system of trade and investment in which nations and groups of nations will go to war if necessary to gain their ends.

V

At this point a distinction must be drawn between the dependence of many national areas on foreign supplies of raw materials and the dependence of international capitalism on foreign trade and foreign investments. For, if raw materials supply certain physical needs, foreign trade and investments yield those profits that are the life-blood of capitalist society. But the example of the Soviet Union has demonstrated that one-sixth of the earth's surface can supply itself with the commodities it requires from abroad without bringing such havoc to other lands as American finance-capital has brought to Cuba—to mention but one instance. In other words, a working model does exist of a method of conducting international trade basically different from the method that the rest of the world employs. Direct barter through a single national agency is but one feature of this method; another is the absence of any element of territorial or financial aggrandizement. And, if backward Russia has been able to use this method and, at the same time, to reach unprecedented heights of production, why cannot the United States do the same?

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Not only does the present drift of American foreign policy mean an ever-growing danger of war, the present drift of the New Deal means an ever-growing danger of domestic breakdown. But, because the danger of war is more immediate than the domestic danger, the field of foreign, rather than domestic, policy most urgently requires revolutionary changes. It is therefore the contention of this writer that the Roosevelt Administration faces the opportunity, if it will but grasp it, to do more for a real New Deal on the foreign than on the domestic front. The spineless proposals to 'take the profit out of war,' to forbid American citizens from traveling abroad in time of war, to place an embargo on all shipments of goods and extensions of credit to belligerent Powers expose the utter bankruptcy of our present course of foreign policy. Even if these fantastic schemes could be enforced, we should still have our seventeen billions of foreign investments, our foreign possessions, and many thousands of our citizens living abroad and demanding protection for their lives and property.

Nothing short of the most radical liquidation of all American claims abroad will make possible even the beginning of a new American foreign policy. Hand in hand with this should go a 100-per-cent repudiation of the Monroe Doctrine, the Open Door, and all the other fetishes of American imperialism. Indeed, the pitiful record of our international bankers—Morgan with Dr. Schacht; Lee, Higginson with Kreuger; the Guaranty Trust with President Leguía of Peru—should lead our financial supermen to advocate, in sheer self-defense, escape from the anarchy of international capitalism.

But a negative policy is not enough. We entered the World War not only to chastise the Imperial German Government but to make the world safe for democracy, to create a league for peace, and to establish the right of nations to self-determination. Wilson's phrases, for all their vagueness and hypocrisy, did find resounding echoes in many parts of the world, and it is one of the ironies of history that the Soviet Union with its numerous national republics has become the chief beneficiary and justification of doctrines originally promulgated to rescue Russia's enemies in the modern world.

If Roosevelt, then, repeated Wilson's doctrines of eighteen years ago in the language of 1935, he would find himself endorsing the programme of the Soviet Union. And why not? While the imperialist Powers have been losing ground or cutting each other's throats, Soviet rule has spread steadily into Asia, and both Turkey and Persia have declared their independence of the imperialist world. And, while Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy threaten or resort to war, Soviet foreign policy has followed a line of peaceful penetration and conciliation.

To what extent would it be possible for capitalist America to model its foreign policy on that of Soviet Russia? In view of the threatening world situation, all dealings in foreign exchange and foreign trade could be put in the hands of the State, which would proceed to extend to other countries the kind of barter arrangements already made with Brazil, a practice that the German Nazis as well as the Russian Communists have

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adopted. In other words, foreign trade would be removed from the hands of individuals and made a state monopoly.

American-owned property on foreign soil, including seventeen billion dollars' worth of foreign investments, presents a far more difficult problem. The least the Government could do would be to refuse to protect these holdings, and the most it could do would be to confiscate them, receiving in exchange, from the various foreign lands, favorable tariff arrangements and deliveries of raw materials, which, in turn, could be used to compensate the present owners of these holdings. The cry of confiscation would, of course, arise, but, since the value of our foreign investments is about one-twentieth the value of our total national wealth, it hardly seems an exorbitant price to pay for peace even if it yields nothing else.

Neither suggestion contains a hint of 'autarky'; on the contrary, both would tend to increase the international flow of goods and services and simply carry to their logical conclusions Secretary Hull's regional-trade agreements and President Roosevelt's 'good-neighbor' doctrine. Visionary? Perhaps. A further violation of the rights of private property? Certainly. But what is the alternative? Imperialist war.

To speculate on the date and extent of this war is almost a complete waste of time. That Japan and Germany will collaborate and that the United States will follow England's lead may perhaps be taken for granted at the moment. But the attitude of England, the strength of the Russian and German armies, the internal difficulties of France and the Little Entente introduce so many unknown factors that the Department of State would be insane to commit itself in advance to any Power or group of Powers. Even the Soviet Union, with which the United States has no real point of difference, may find itself committed to the hopeless and thankless task of maintaining the Versailles system. In like manner, England, for all its designs on the United States, may be urging a general European conference to pacify Europe and ease the situation in the Far East. The American people can find peace not by trying to pick a winner or by wearing another nation's colors but by withdrawing entirely from the imperialist race.

The War Is Here

> There is a war to-day,—a universal war,—and the weapons are not navies, armies, or airplanes, but tariffs, quotas, and shifted currencies. There is no authorized standard of international money exchange, and each change in a tariff, a quota, or a currency is nothing other than a move —a hostile move—in this war. The worst of it is that the situation is not officially recognized as a war.
>
> —Sir Percy Bates, Chairman of the Board of the Cunard-White Star Line

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This Socialist analysis of the political groups and social classes in Argentina brings out many striking similarities with our own Yankee set-up.

A Socialist *on* Argentina

By José Venegas

Translated from *Leviatán*
Madrid Socialist Monthly

It would be inaccurate to judge the past and present of the Argentine Socialist Party by the same standards that we apply to a European Socialist party. Although we are dealing with a universal doctrine based on facts that are identical in any land or climate, we must take into account—when we study the interpretation given to Socialism by a certain country—factors of temperament and psychology, and in Argentina even greater differences must be considered, for the Argentine people, and in general all the people of America, have been formed very differently from the older nations of Europe, which have developed their wealth and social classes slowly through the centuries. Furthermore, immigrants and foreign capital are of less importance in Europe.

Argentina proclaimed its independence a century and a quarter ago. A small group of men found themselves rulers of a great country that was capable of producing abundant riches, but the means of exploitation used in Europe were almost entirely lacking. Unlike the older nations, which had developed themselves step by step and created the means of production that their development required, there were only virgin soil and a few men who were acquainted with European methods, which they wished to employ so that their country would achieve the economic development of Europe in the shortest possible time.

Two things were necessary: men and capital, or, to be more precise, labor. Men and machines, the elements of exploitation, had to be acquired to extract the natural wealth that three million square kilometres could provide, and the Argentine Constitution therefore declared the country open to every nation on the earth. Argentine patriots used to speak with pride of the generous principles of their Constitution, which declared Argen-

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tina to be every man's country, but actually these patriots were commanded by necessity. Nevertheless, the Constitution did not make the foreigner equal to the native but established distinctions favorable to the Argentinians and placing them in privileged positions at the moment the history of their nation began.

Thus, at a time when a national proletariat already existed in France, Spain, and England, there was no such group in Argentina. Because there was enough for everybody, the Argentinians had distributed almost all the country among themselves, and the first proletarians were therefore nearly all foreigners. The Government naturally fell into the hands of an oligarchy composed of outstanding representatives of the privileged class, most of them native Argentinians, and they welcomed foreign capital, which in turn imported technical means of exploitation and stimulated the influx of workers from all parts of the world, so that business could count on an adequate labor supply.

For decades it would have been impossible to harvest the Argentine crop without the aid of the seasonal Portuguese and Spanish workers who went out every year to the fields. Meanwhile, the Argentinians kept hold of the administration and the property rights. These two prerogatives enabled them to live on rents or salaries or in posts that foreign enterprise reserved for natives. This is why the organs of national opinion made a practice of declaring that there were no classes in Argentina, a statement that leading representatives of nationalism still repeat.

Since there was no Argentine proletariat, there was no Socialist Party. From the point of view of the future, the most revolutionary stand at that time was taken by Bernardino Rivadavia, who urged that the remaining free land be closed. A rebellion on the part of the landowners ensued, for they perceived that, even if Rivadavia's plan did not immediately affect their holdings, it tended to destroy their property rights. This was the driving force in the movement headed by Juan Manuel de Rosas, then a distinguished landowner and later a cruel and bloodthirsty tyrant.

The native population grew with the passing years. Immigrants' sons married descendants of the first settlers, and ever-increasing groups of natives arose who did not occupy a privileged economic position. At first, only a few of these were forced into the ranks of the working class; most of them belonged to a so-called middle class, which did not feel represented by the oligarchy in power. Finally, at the end of the nineteenth century the Radical Party, which is essentially middle class, was created, and the struggle began between these new Argentinians, for whom there was no more available wealth, and those who still held their former privileged positions. The drive made by the Radical Party for power—a drive that gave birth to the revolutionary movement of 1890—finally triumphed during the World War with the accession of Hipólito Irigoyen, the specific leader of the Argentine middle class, to the presidency of the Republic.

This victory is much too recent for the circumstances that produced it to be absolutely changed. The preponderant opinion in Argentina is still middle class, and the Radical Party is therefore indisputably the strongest

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in the country. However, even at the time when Hipólito Irigoyen became president, there was a growing number of Argentinians who had no other prospect in life but manual labor. Dr. Juan B. Justo, an exceptionally generous spirit, led in organizing the Socialist Party at that time, but it attracted more members of the middle class than workers. No working-class figure at this period assumed a leading position, and even to-day it is hard to find any leader born and trained in the trade unions. Almost all of them come from the middle class.

II

Although an Argentine proletariat exists to-day,—in spite of those optimists who deny that there are any classes,—it exists under conditions quite distinct from those of the proletariat of any European country. It is scattered over a vast territory six times the size of Spain, a territory that contains only twelve million people. Outside the few urban centres, the population is very much dispersed. Furthermore, among these twelve million people there are a million Italians, a million Spaniards, hundreds of thousands of Poles, and so on. Foreign workers naturally outnumber the native workers, for the immigrant usually lands without any money and must find work. Nevertheless,—and this must be taken into account in judging the Argentine Socialist movement,—it is still easier there than in Europe, in spite of all the restraints imposed by the development of capitalism, to pass from the working class into the bourgeoisie.

Workers have identical interests everywhere. A German worker is no less exploited by a Spanish enterprise than a Spanish worker. But the foreigners and natives do not enter into political struggles to an equal degree. The Spaniards, the Italians, the Poles, the French, the Rumanians, the Russians, the Turks, and the rest who make up a part of the Argentine population are not as active as the native-born workers. In general, they are not deeply interested in the country; they are obsessed with the desire of getting rich and going home and tend to hold aloof from domestic conflicts. Even if there were no restrictions and they lived on equal terms with the native-born, they would not become as active, for they are bound by ties to their own countries, ties that are strengthened by absence.

That is why a considerable part of the Argentine working class can be enrolled in a national campaign only with the greatest difficulty, although they will respond to international doctrines. Nevertheless, it is worth noting that in the municipal elections, which are open to foreigners who have fulfilled certain requirements, the most radical candidates win in the special balloting set aside for this group. But, although they may influence elections to some degree, they lack the ability to form permanent and solid party organizations. One curious thing, which confirms the middle-class ideology of the Radical Party, is that, although the immense majority of the Argentine public favors this Party, the foreign-born are very much opposed to it, for no foreigner wants to belong to the middle class and rarely does; he remains a worker or grows wealthy enough to join the privileged groups.

Argentine Socialism has a following in the most important cities, chiefly

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in Buenos Aires. It lacks national scope for many reasons, the most important being the sparse population. Furthermore, the scattered agricultural working class, which cannot be organized, constitutes the primary and almost sole base of Argentine economy, for in an essentially agricultural country the city worker can exist only if the agrarian worker has harvested some wealth. To-day, when the country is infected by the fever of nationalism that has seized the world, figures are being juggled to prove that Argentina has great industries that give work to as many hands as farming does, but in reality it is still a tremendous plantation with the cities acting as barracks where the workers gather and live to manufacture certain products of the fields or make the necessary farming tools. Buenos Aires would not exist if the great pampa did not begin on its outskirts. It is from there that blood flows into the heart.

The problems of the Buenos Aires working class therefore depend much more on what happens in the country than is the case in European capitals. A Socialist revolution that began in the city and set up a government of workers and farmers would not reflect the true character of the country; to do so it would have to set up a government of farmers and workers, and we have already described the impossibility, under present conditions, of socially organizing the peasantry. Other difficulties also arise to block the national extension of Socialism. The federal organization of the nation has split the political forces into regional parties, which check the growth of all others. As the government of each province has greater powers than Catalonia does in Spain, the political struggle is confined to the limits of each province, and national ties are very weak. Only the Radical Party has nation-wide influence.

III

The presidential system also conspires against the evolutionary progress of Socialism. Parliament occupies a very secondary place, and the President is virtually a dictator. Consequently, it is difficult to organize an opposition, and the President, as the supreme head of his Party, tends to succeed himself. Socialism, which is in the minority, lacks the sounding board in Parliament that it possesses in England, France, or Spain. The people pay little attention to parliamentary life because they are aware that, in reality, it is bound by the will of the President, and opposition forces are given little rope. Opposition parties often hold altogether aloof from the Government, and at the present time the Radical Party, which was ousted by the dictator Uriburu, does not take part in elections.

The Argentine Socialist Party is reformist, and when one section of it tried to emphasize revolutionary tendencies it was defeated. The youth organizations seemed to be dominated by revolutionary tendencies, and the Party replied by dissolving them. As we have said, one cannot judge the Party by European standards. The land problem remains the central issue. Great capitalist enterprises are dominated by foreign groups, chiefly British, which subsist on the exploitation of agriculture and cattle. Powerful trusts assemble the grain and meat and trade them on the international market. This fact, together with the

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pronounced nationalist teachings in the schools and the natural resentment against greedy immigrants who want to work hard and get as rich as possible, has forced Argentine Socialism into the erroneous belief that certain forms of exploitation are not the fruit of the capitalist system but of the greed of the foreigner. A study of the economic problems of Argentina was recently published in which the author, a man of advanced ideas, stated that, if the big refrigerating plants and grain elevators passed from the hands of foreign capitalists to Argentine capitalists, things would be better. On the contrary, they would be just the same, if not worse.

The land is divided into great holdings, most of which are still in the hands of the descendants of early families, who have created the national type that triumphs in the fashionable world—the gallants of Paris. But actually this land is only nominally theirs, for most of Argentina is mortgaged to the Banco Hipotecario Nacional. A great many of these mortgages should be foreclosed because the owners can no longer pay interest, but the recent fall in prices—which has now been overcome to a certain extent—sharply devaluated the land, especially since the owners had obtained high assessments when the loans were granted. The Banco Hipotecario could not call in its loans for fear that forced sales would bring even less than the value of the mortgages. The owners, stating that the drop in prices kept their tenants from paying rents, then secured a moratorium on interest payments. The Government thereupon levied taxes to enable the Banco Hipotecario to pay its shareholders, so that, while the young landowning gentlemen continue to strut in the cabarets of Paris, the rest of their countrymen are paying what these men owe the bank.

If the Banco Hipotecario took over the land that it really owns in Argentina, the Government would have at its disposal the largest and best part of the country and could hand it over to those who work on it. Naturally, two other problems would still remain —the debts of the bank and the rule of the foreign trusts, which seize and export the national products. But, if the Government had the land, it would be strong enough to win the rest.

The Truth Wins

Soon, dear children, you will be grown up and fathers and mothers yourselves. So, treat your parents as you would like your children to treat you. Treat everybody as you would like him to treat you. We are all equal, we must all be equally free, we must not do violence to anybody. Perhaps one of our future Presidents is among you. You, our future President, will be speaking to children here in thirty or forty years' time. Tell them that, all that time ago, we were with the first President and pledged ourselves with him always to follow the principle of our forefathers, that 'the truth wins.'

—President Thomas Masaryk to a group of Prague schoolchildren, who visited him on his birthday

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Persons and Personages

Ludendorff at Seventy

By Dr. Erwin Topf

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin National-Socialist Daily

['*We honor the man who, from the glorious beginning at Tannenberg throughout the heroic course of the War, stood at Hindenburg's side, the man whose strength bore a world on his shoulders like Atlas. We bow before Field Marshal Ludendorff.*'—Reichswehr Minister General von Blomberg. March 17, 1935.]

AMONG the legendary figures that emerged from the World War, Ludendorff appeared at the very start as fortune's favorite. By capturing the fortress of Lüttich with a bold, quick stroke, this young front-line commander instantly attracted attention and became the assistant to the experienced General von Hindenburg.

So runs the legend. The real story was quite different. Ludendorff's brilliant stroke at Lüttich was no sudden improvisation but an essential part of the planned advance of the western army, and Ludendorff knew just how important it was to capture the fortress at the right moment. For, as head of that part of the General Staff that concerned itself in time of peace, among many other things, with the vital plan of advance and that supervised mobilization as merely one phase of the whole scheme of operation, he had been preparing all these steps from 1908 until 1913. In the latter year serious differences of opinion developed between the General Staff and the War Ministry with the result that Ludendorff was transferred to active service and made commander of the Dusseldorf Regiment of Fusiliers. In 1914 he was made brigade commander of a Strasbourg army corps and at the time of mobilization was stationed with the second army as quartermaster general.

It was Ludendorff's duty to supervise the concentration of the army in Aix-la-Chapelle and then to see that it was equipped with munitions, food, and all other necessities. But he refused to remain inactive and was not satisfied with putting through work that had been prepared before as any other man in his place would have been. He therefore joined von Emmich's division, which was attacking Lüttich with the second army and several supplementary brigades. The troops advanced by night almost all along the line and completely overwhelmed the defending forces although all the fortresses remained intact. Nevertheless, the manœuvre

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would have failed if Ludendorff had not headed the fourteenth brigade. Its commander had fallen at the very start, and Ludendorff himself led the way through the outlying districts and into the fortification.

Two field howitzers, which were firing into the streets for pure moral effect since the shells did not explode over a wide area, gave the infantry attack the necessary support. Ludendorff, a General Staff officer, incorrectly referred to in his later career as the 'office general,' displayed no lack of familiarity with active duty although he had spent only a few months as regimental commander, having last served as a company commander in Thorn fourteen years before. Nevertheless, he showed himself able to give orders on the front, to control a confused situation and not make a single error. Thus, he put himself to the test and learned from experience what a bold will and swift decision mean at a crucial moment in the kind of crisis that comes to both defenders and attackers.

It was not a piece of improvisation, not the reckless stroke of a bold hussar, nor yet a happy accident, but the skillful application of a 'system of assistance,' coördinated with a bold and thorough plan. His training had prepared him for the emergency, for he had undergone a schooling that developed all his capacities.

Ludendorff's career represents the almost unexampled instance of a man without any 'name,' without any connections, who became a captain and a General Staff officer at thirty, a major at thirty-five, a divisional commander on the supreme General Staff at forty-three, and a major general before he reached the age of fifty. These honors were deserved, as his record at Lüttich and his success at Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes three weeks later showed. And Ludendorff continued to distinguish himself. For the next two years, from the first of November, 1914, he served as chief of General Staff to the commander-in-chief in the east and thus supervised all operations in the huge area between the Baltic Sea and the Carpathians.

At the end of August, 1916, in a terribly serious situation—the battles of Verdun and the Somme were going forward on the western front; Rumania had entered the War and was threatening the exposed flank on the east, Bulgaria's rear, and the communication line with Turkey—Hindenburg and Ludendorff were put in complete command of the army. We too often forget that these two men, whom the people remember as leaders during the World War, were not put in supreme command until the War was half over.

Erich Ludendorff perhaps seems to be the 'born soldier' though he was not actually born one. The most important thing about him is that his career is entirely the result of his own abilities. He mastered many difficulties, both inward and outward, in order to reach his unique position of leadership in German military affairs.

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Ludendorff's ancestors, both on his father's and his mother's side, came from middle-class circles. There were only a few soldiers among them. One of his ancestors on his mother's side—her family originated in East Prussia—was a general in the Seven Years' War and was ennobled; his maternal grandfather was a lawyer in Berlin. The Ludendorff family itself probably came from the Lower Rhine, where there is a place of that name in Eifel, and then settled in Pomerania, where it remained ever since the end of the Thirty Years' War. It was a family of merchants and seafarers. Ludendorff's father was a landowner whose mother had Swedish blood in her veins. He was beset with economic difficulties. Soon after 1870 he sold his estate of Kruszewnia, a one-story, almost poverty-stricken 'manor,' in which Erich Ludendorff was born, and rented an estate in Lower Pomerania near Köslin. Seventeen years later the lease was given up. The parents moved to Berlin, where the father after a period of difficult readjustment in which the mother helped support the family by needlework, finally got a job as clerk with an insurance company.

MEANWHILE, Erich Ludendorff was making his way. At the age of thirteen he was senior of the room in his cadet corps and as such had to fill the double duties of soldier and officer. At sixteen he became senior pupil in the central military academy of Lichterfelde and was made company commander of the first company, a special honor. At seventeen he was made a lieutenant, not, as he had hoped, with the Erfurt field artillery, but with the fifty-seventh infantry regiment in Wesel. After five years of active service he received his first command in 1887 with a military school. He then served with the marines, and in 1890 he took a three-year course in the war academy. This concluded with a journey of study through Russia. Promoted to the rank of captain, Ludendorff was transferred from the regiment of grenadier guards in Frankfurt-am-Oder to the supreme General Staff. His next steps were as follows: General Staff officer with the fourth army corps in Magdeburg and with the fifth army corps in Glogau and Posen, with an interval as company commander in Thorn. In 1904 he again returned to the General Staff.

The living circumstances of the young officer, who received very little help from home when he was a lieutenant, were of almost incredible simplicity, judged by modern standards. For years his usual evening meal consisted of bread with butter and cheese and a glass of beer. Not until he became a first lieutenant would he permit himself the luxury of a piece of sausage. As captain, he lived for a long time in lodgings but finally saved enough money to buy a little furniture of his own. Work dominated his entire life. His furloughs did not mean a rest but were usually filled with travel, during which he studied the country. Even his

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social activities were a kind of duty. We hear of joyful carnival days on the Rhine, of evenings of dancing and drinking, but 'I was no wastrel,' he writes. He did not drink the usual morning glass of ale and strenuously refused to sit around talking all night in 'smoky barrooms.' His superiors had a high opinion of the industrious, capable young officer, who was, of course, not always a tame subordinate and who showed a tendency to solve tactical problems in his own way. His solutions were always original. They never followed the 'ideal scheme' or the 'patented solution.' But he was not treated with pedantic narrow-mindedness. He was recognized as having 'a clear head that combines good knowledge and ability with good form.' That is high praise.

Ludendorff got along well with his subordinates though we hear of no close association with any of his comrades. In describing his early years in the cadet corps, he writes, 'It was difficult for me to become intimate with my comrades. I have not formed any friendships in the corps. On the contrary, I am strongly inclined to turn in upon myself.' In later life he never developed a circle of comrades though he was thrown into closer connection with other people because they were engaged on the same tasks. His first marriage, entered into in 1909 and terminated by divorce in 1926, did not change this inner loneliness. 'Very soon I drew into myself completely for important reasons and kept myself in a shell.' Nevertheless, he always remained on affectionate terms with the children of his first wife's first marriage. Two of her sons died in the War, both as aviators, and he confesses that their deaths affected him profoundly. Ludendorff also states that his second marriage to Frau Mathilde von Kemnitz in 1926 brought him a real companion.

It can perhaps be said that during all his years of solitude life had many shortcomings. However, he sought compensation and found it in activity. From 1913 on, when he was dropped from the General Staff, the face of the future field marshal bore those characteristic marks that all of us know from his pictures in later years. It is lined with hardness against himself and others and reveals the effort that his whole personality had thrown into the great task of national defense. There is no space here to describe the incomparable achievements that Ludendorff, together with Hindenburg, accomplished during the last two years of the War. To do that would be to write once again the history of the War. We know it, and, as the various details become clearer and clearer, it becomes more and more rewarding as a subject of study, especially for the younger generation, who do not know or do not fully understand what happened at this time.

There is one part of General Ludendorff's achievement that should never be forgotten and that is very much alive to-day wherever soldiers are seriously trained and not merely drilled. This is his great work in

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originating new tactics. As the tactical commander of the army, especially during the last two years of the War on the western front, Ludendorff's commands, ideas, and actions influenced all other leaders. A living stream flowed from him to the company commanders, down through the non-commissioned officers to the last private. He restored the capacity of movement to troops that had been welded together in the trenches under enemy artillery fire. By deepening the area of 'no man's land,' by establishing points and nests of resistance in the wide defensive zones, by avoiding destructive fire, by launching counter-attacks automatically against attacks by the enemy, he introduced new basic principles to the warfare of position. The last remaining element of stability in front-line tactics was destroyed. Increasingly effective artillery fire had made life in the front-line trenches utterly impossible, and this fact was gradually penetrating the heads of the leaders, who, up to that time, had thought only in terms of 'trench lines.' They believed in the doubtful power of the 'bare weapon' and even in 1914 had carried swords when they went into action, a weapon as representative as it was antiquated.

Trained in practical experience, Ludendorff, at the end of 1917, took a decisive step. He abandoned the shock-troop and counter-shock-troop tactics that had developed in the trenches and inaugurated entirely new forms of attack. He originated a war of motion, in which the attacking troops poured through the weak points of the enemy's defense zones, tearing them apart with a flanking movement that was the secret of the great offensive of 1918.

The road that Ludendorff followed in the first years after the catastrophe of 1918 led him more and more to a new solitude. Only a few of his old comrades followed him. Ernst von Salomon, in his book, *Kadetten*, has written a moving description of these years and has described how the General, on the day the Third Army Corps was disbanded, appeared once again in Lichterfelde with many of his former brothers-in-arms. He describes how he sat down at table in the messhall for the last meal, surrounded by sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys, blue parade uniforms and tattered field uniforms, and how he marched through the streets with the former cadets and the last active soldiers.

Thus and in no other way, after years of separation, he again finds himself on the same front that he occupied at home for the past twelve years and also on that other front by the side of Hitler, where he once stood in the first years after the War. Immediately after the announcement of universal military service, the General, who thus sees one of the great aims of his struggle for a new national life achieved, abandoned his self-imposed isolation. It would have been unnatural if he had not taken the way back into the community of the nation. It also would have been unnatural if he were not accorded the esteem that his historic achieve-

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ments demand. When Germany honors the General of the Great War, it honors itself; and, remembering the days of success and the quiet greatness of the leaders and the men in that struggle without victory or hope that characterized the last phase of the War, the nation will gain the strength of self-assurance and self-respect that will lead it to new heights and will recall the words of Freiherr von Stein, 'Without insolence but with quiet strength, maintaining complete earnestness and without surge of hope, must a nation rise inch by inch from its knees.'

The Hitler of Hungary

By Hellmuth von Gerlach

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, German-Émigré Weekly Published in Prague

REGENT HORTHY of Hungary is sometimes reminiscent of Hindenburg, Count Stefan Bethlen, the conservative leader, seems to want to duplicate Hugenberg's career, and Herr Gömbös feels impelled to become Hungary's Hitler.

Gömbös scaled the heights on Bethlen's shoulders. He made a name for himself as a free-booter and bloody anti-revolutionist at about the same time that Ehrhardt and Rossbach were becoming known in Germany. Then, under Bethlen, Hungary became what might be called an orderly reactionary state. It remained that under Gömbös. We seldom heard his name, but, when we did, it was to discover that he had cordially received Erzberger's two murderers, Schulze and Tyllessen.

Gömbös seems like a man with a past but with no future. He himself has a different opinion. He is diseased with ambition, immeasurably eager for power, possessed of unparalleled energy, but at the same time he is a man who knows how to learn from experience and how to use his experiences without scruple. The leading anti-revolutionists in Hungary wanted to forget the bloody methods of 1919 and 1920, partly in view of opinion abroad. Other methods, therefore, had to be adopted. Gömbös succeeded in ingratiating himself with Count Bethlen, who ruled Hungary almost single-handed for ten years. Bethlen believed that he had the support of the younger generation and, above all, believed he could make good use of the national radical elements. He trusted Gömbös as Hugenberg trusted Hitler when they entered into the Harz pact. He trusted him so much that he had the Regent appoint Gömbös as his successor two years ago when he himself had to quit office for personal reasons. Bethlen remained, nevertheless, the leader of the Government Party with 148 of the 245 seats in Parliament. Both before and after his tenure of office he was the most powerful man in Hungary.

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Gömbös, who is as much of an intriguer as he is a demagogue, used his two years in office to undermine the ground beneath Bethlen's feet. All the important posts in the Government Party and in the State were taken one after another from Bethlen's supporters, who were replaced by Gömbös's puppets. Finally, he bounced out of the Cabinet the two Ministers who seemed to him too friendly to Bethlen and replaced them with two of his own people, one of whom became Minister of the Interior. The latter post required an especially corrupt individual to fix the elections.

Bethlen grew disturbed. A press feud developed. The Regent intervened, and Bethlen and Gömbös buried the hatchet in his presence. Gömbös gave every promise of loyalty that was required of him, and Bethlen was pacified. Everything seemed to be in order until the next elections that the Constitution set for the summer of 1936. On the morning of the 5th of March, 1935, the Government Party unanimously expressed its confidence in the Government, but in the afternoon of March 5th Gömbös dissolved Parliament. How he succeeded in getting Horthy's signature for the dissolution remains a mystery, but the reasons why Hindenburg on a similar occasion signed a document for Hitler were not entirely clear either.

Then Hungary went to the polls. According to the old election law, 199 delegates were elected in open voting in the villages and small towns, whereas 46 delegates were chosen by secret ballot in Budapest and seven other large cities.

Ever since Gömbös became Prime Minister, he swore a thousand oaths that there would never be any more open voting because the public ballot represented a 'degradation of the soul.' Throughout his period in office he did nothing to change the voting laws. For that reason the recent balloting was public, and Gömbös is therefore entirely 'legal.' People who suffered from bleeding hearts had to submit to still another process of spiritual degradation, and the voting was no different from the previous manipulated elections except for the small detail that this time it was not Bethlen but Gömbös who degraded the souls of the voters.

Hungarian elections: they must be seen to be believed. A few years before the War I was in Temesvár, which was then the capital of southeastern Hungary. A by-election was occurring in a near-by rural district. I suddenly decided to visit the election bureau of the government candidate and ask permission to watch the election as a journalistic observer. They almost fell on my neck with delight, and, before I knew what had happened, I had the voting badge of the Government Party pinned to my chest, and my hat was decorated with an official feather. In this way I was designated as one of the watchers and enjoyed all the privileges connected with that office.

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These watchers play an important rôle in the Hungarian elections. They are the official election agents, well-paid middlemen acting between the candidates and the voters. Naturally, I did not receive any cash remuneration, but, since I wore the official insignia, I not only had free access to all official quarters, but it was impossible for me during the entire campaign to pay a single penny for food, lodging, or transportation. People simply would not take any of my money.

HERE is what happened on the first election Sunday. Early in the morning the candidate, his watchers, and a few other officials and notables departed in superb equipages for the city of Temesvár. At the edge of each district a dozen mounted peasant boys awaited us and joined our party. When we arrived at the chief district, the mayor and all his staff received us. Hardly a single Magyar lived here. They were all Rumanians, Serbs, and Swabians. The candidate attended the three churches of the three nationalities, followed by his entire troop, crossed himself three times to show that he was a good Catholic, and disappeared three minutes later.

After divine service all the electors assembled in the market place. The candidate spoke in Magyar. His address, which lasted ten minutes, was then translated into the three other languages. Everybody shouted '*Eljen!*' and sat down to the election meal, at which they were served piles of election goulash while the election wine flowed in rivers. Then the candidate withdrew, accompanied by the mayor and the local officials. Half an hour later he again appeared and explained, wreathed in smiles, 'Everything is in order. There is no hostile opinion here at all.' Actually he had been elected by a nine-tenth majority. After the election he explained to me himself that in some communities he had to make use of a little 'moral' pressure.

What this slight amount of pressure consisted of he did not say, but from other electioneering experiences in Hungary I know what election morality means there. The supporters of the candidate approach the uncertain voter and explain to him, 'Of course, you will vote for our candidate. Here is a twenty-gulden note. I cut it in two. You keep one half, and I keep the other. If you have voted right, come to me, and I'll give you the other half.' The state bank redeemed damaged notes only if the larger half of the bank note was presented. The game that the candidate's supporters played was therefore genuine and even clean. Neither party would get the better of the other.

Herr Gömbös voted according to the old system. That means that in the 199 election districts with the open ballot the delegates were named in advance and that in the 46 districts with the secret ballot the voting went forward under terrific pressure.

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Hungary has always attached importance to appearing in the eyes of the outer world as a land of free elections. For that reason the Hitler system of presenting a single list has never been adopted. There is a whole menu of parties, including an opposition, which is allowed to receive a small share of the seats. Its existence then deceives the outer world and makes Parliament more amusing. The only important thing is that the opposition shall always be small enough to be voted down.

In this respect Gömbös remained true to the old Hungarian tradition.

In addition to his own Government Party he permitted a few semi-official government parties to exist—notably that of the small landowners, headed by Tibor Eckhardt, and Herr Wolff's Christian Social Economic Party. He does not mind when the city districts elect forty or fifty real opposition delegates. He is satisfied with a governmental majority of some two hundred voters. The only important thing for him was to defeat his competitor Bethlen, for in this way Gömbös will be able to make Parliament do what he wants.

What does he want? In his great platform Gömbös came out for 'progressive conservatism,' a superbly elastic formula and a charming variant on Hitler's National Socialism. Gömbös promises 'reforms.' Has there ever been a party leader who did not?

Count Bethlen represents the big landowners, who heretofore guided all Hungarian politics. Gömbös represents the gentry, the small nobility. Until the present time, except for a brief interlude in 1919, Hungary's political life has always worn the following aspect: the magnates ruled and let the gentry administer the country. The rest of the people had nothing to say. Now the small nobility wants to sit in the driver's seat. The Hugenberg layer is to be displaced by the Hitler layer. Will Gömbös put through agricultural reforms that will expropriate the big landowners, or will he merely threaten expropriation to gain the support of the magnates? Will the revolution of the gentry end in a compromise between Gömbös and the feudal barons entered into behind the backs of all the rest of the people?

In domestic politics the feudal landowners are the most extreme reactionaries. Abroad, however, as a result of centuries of experience in government, they have acquired an hereditary wisdom of the kind that Bismarck admired in the English. Count Tisza was a typical member of this school: in July, 1914, he shrank from sending the ultimatum to Serbia because he foresaw war as the inevitable consequence.

Count Bethlen and Gömbös are both equally passionate chauvinists, but Bethlen considers the foreign consequences of a ruthless campaign of treaty revision. Will Dictator Gömbös's mind work in the same way? The one really serious threat to European peace is Hitler's policy. Gömbös's election victory has dealt this policy a trump card.

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The first of these four articles states the case for humanism; a Rome correspondent describes the Italian press; a Russian writes on Flanders to-day; a Frenchman, on Göring and the fair sex.

European ECHOES

A European Symposium

I. Humanism and Communism

By Julien Benda

Translated from the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

THOSE who like to know their own minds clearly will always be grateful to an intelligent, loyal adversary who defends the essential points of his position and thus allows them to understand fully their own point of view in its essential and irreducible elements. It is precisely this pleasure that was granted me the other day at the Union for Truth where Paul Nizan, the brilliant author of *Chiens de garde*, outlined the principles of Communist humanism.

Communist humanism, he explained, is essentially a totalitarian humanism, which plans to raise the human being in his entirety to a higher level. Whereas the ancient humanism—or let us simply say, the Greek and Roman variety—honored the intellectual and moral sphere of man, which it isolated from the material sphere, Communist humanism abolishes this distinction, this 'separation of man from himself,' this 'alienation' of an entire part of man's being. Communist humanism pretends to reconcile spirit and matter, mind and nature, the intellectual worker and the manual worker, and to glorify the human being in the wholeness of his activity. Furthermore, whereas ancient humanism urged man to venerate human beings evolved from

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the purely intellectual sphere and typified by justice, the new humanism cannot be too scornful of this slavery to abstractions and declares that the subservience of man 'to his divine half' is the measure of his decline and maintains that human morality should be based on the relationship of man's entire being to the outside world.

That is what Nizan means when he says that he glorifies man in so far as he is 'rich,' that is to say, in so far as he satisfies all his desires, material as well as spiritual, and that he does not honor him solely as a so-called spiritual being, who, when isolated, reveals only his superstitiousness and misery.

II

In listening to this clear definition of the new gospel, I felt as I never did before how completely my conception of humanism, which I share, I think, with all those who remain faithful to classical culture, is opposed to M. Nizan's; how profoundly I believe in this opposition of the spiritual and the material life, in this dualism and this hierarchy; how little I relish the reconciliation of the intellectual worker and the manual worker; how much my conception of the greatness of man is dependent upon his obedience to what is divine in him; how little I like those men who drink life through every pore, the happy, healthy faces of Marx and Jaurès, and how much I cherish those emaciated beings, whose faces, burned dry by the pure life of the spirit, seem to ignore that they have bodies—Dante, Erasmus, Fénelon, and Leo XIII.

People say, 'What about the men of the Renaissance, who exemplify the humanism that you hold dear? What about the sensuality of a Ficin, who proclaims, "Fine colors, lights, voices, the splendor of gold, the whiteness of silver—all these things we call beautiful."' To them I reply that the love of these things falls into the sphere of luxury and has nothing to do with man's efforts to eat and clothe himself.

Never before did I understand so clearly the cause for the uneasiness that I feel when I read every day the words of the Guéhennos and the Jean-Richard Blochs: 'We do not want any more intellectual values. We want human values.' For I hold in esteem intellectual values only, with all the inhuman quality that is sometimes involved, as in the case of Descartes, Malebranche, or Valéry.

I felt that in rejecting this religion of the entire man I was rejecting a form of romanticism, which venerates passion and action. I found in Communist humanism everything that I despise in these 'new' philosophies, which want us to philosophize 'with our entire being,' whereas I have been taught that one should philosophize with one's mind.

Especially did I feel how much I value the autonomy of the intellectual life and its independence of the manual life. For at this point the new decalogue should make itself clear. It does not aim to 'reconcile' manual life and intellectual life as the humanists understood it. It pretends, like Proudhon, to develop a new intellectualism from manual labor, which would retain the characteristics of its manual origin. I do not deny that this new intellectualism is possible; but I do know that it will never produce *Phèdre* or the *Fleurs du mal*, which were created by a complete

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break on the part of their authors with all manual activity. And it is precisely this intellectualism and precisely this break that I honor. It is this alone that my system of values calls culture.

I perceived how much my opposition to the new humanism is intellectual and purely intellectual, for, in so far as the economic transformation that it demands is concerned, I am ready to answer all its demands. I am willing to do manual labor three hours a day if I am allowed to preserve my belief in the autonomy of the intellectual life. People say that I will then cease to believe in this autonomy and that I believe in it to-day only because I am exempt from manual labor, only because I am one of those oppressors who assign this labor to others. And I confess that, if belief in the dignity of spirit costs that much, that I shall still resign myself to maintain oppression although I do not really believe such resignation necessary. Spinoza earned his living at manual labor, and I am willing to prove that, in spite of certain 'totalitarian' aspects of this thinking, he believed in the autonomy of the spirit.

Finally, the new humanism makes this admission: man will belong entirely to society, which will not be content to impose civic duties upon him but will attempt to form his mind and to govern it. I felt how much my conception of humanism implied the liberty to escape from society, even to act against it, and to question the established order. But at this point I felt that I numbered among my opponents not only Communist humanism, not only Nazi humanism, but many a so-called champion of classical humanism, for it is beyond question that, if our Royalists came into power, they would not grant the mind the liberty that it enjoyed under the ancient monarchy, which became the ancestor of our democracy when it permitted the publication of Molière's *Tartuffe*, La Fontaine's *Fables*, La Bruyère's *Caractères*, and Fénelon's *Télémaque*. Classical humanism may well gird its loins. To-day almost the entire world is against it.

II. The Italian Press

By a Rome Correspondent

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

IT IS widely believed that the press in Italy is controlled by the State, but actually there is no pre-censorship. The newspapers cannot be prevented in advance from expressing their free opinion, for it is impossible to prosecute a newspaper before it has appeared. The Fascist press law merely states that, if a newspaper publishes news 'contrary to national interest,' the responsible editor of the paper will be warned. If he proves recalcitrant, he will be warned two more times; in other words, three times in all. Only after the third warning can the responsible editor and publisher of the newspaper be prosecuted and the newspaper itself be forbidden.

The case may arise, however, in which a newspaper will be prosecuted after it has appeared on account of a misleading dispatch. This does not

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necessarily lead to a prosecution of the editor, and even Mussolini's newspaper in Milan, the *Popolo d'Italia*, has experienced this minor inconvenience.

The Italian censorship is not so severe as most people believe. Moreover, even in pre-Fascist Italy the censorship had the right to prosecute newspapers for misleading or dangerous dispatches and frequently exercised this right. The State now requires the Italian press 'to observe the interests of the entire nation and not to give public opinion in the country anything hostile to it.' Within these confines freedom of opinion is officially allowed. According to a paradoxical statement of Mussolini's that is often quoted, this measure gives the Italian press greater freedom than the press enjoys in other countries, for, as he explained, free expression of opinion in Italy is limited only by the national interest, whereas elsewhere, with a few isolated exceptions, even the largest press organs are always subordinate to some party, industry, private interest, or clique.

One often hears it said that the Italian newspapers have become completely monotonous as a result of state control. One newspaper is said to be identical with all the others, and people wonder why only one official state bulletin does not replace the various papers that are printed to-day. This superficial observation holds true in that all the newspapers, with the exception of a few large ones, publish the dispatches of the Stefani Agency and vary only in their commentaries.

But this undeniable uniformity is to a large extent the indication of a temporary period of crisis. The liberal tradition in the Italian press has been broken, and therefore one searches the present newspapers in vain for the varied and brilliant conflicting opinions that used to appear. Yet even to-day close inspection reveals that the Italian press still contains a wealth of lively impressions that bear witness to the intelligence, culture, critical sense, and characteristic attitude of Italian journalism. A comprehensive review or critical study of the most important public organs in present-day Italy will clarify the situation.

II

As the capital, Rome maintains many newspapers. The *Messaggero* and the *Popolo di Roma* are popular sheets and confine themselves chiefly to domestic politics and events of the day although in recent months the *Messaggero* in particular has given more space to foreign news. The *Piccolo* and the *Tevere*, afternoon newspapers, are what would be known elsewhere as boulevard sheets. They are copiously illustrated and emphasize the latest novelties. They try, above all, to strike a polemic or a mundane tone. The *Piccolo*, which is the evening publication of the highly official *Giornale d'Italia*, is the favorite newspaper of the clerks and small officials in Rome, of the petty bourgeoisie and the café habitués. The *Tevere* has almost no foreign news and is read chiefly for its brilliantly written leading article, which its editor, Telesio Interlandi, contributes every day. This newspaper is also distinguished by the fact that it pursues a consistently pro-German policy.

The *Giornale d'Italia* is an independent industrial enterprise, in which the chief stockholder is Profes-

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sor Castellino of Naples. It is edited by Virginio Gayda, who is generally regarded as the spokesman of the Palazzo Chigi. Moreover, the *Giornale d'Italia* is an eclectic sheet with a tendency toward sensationalism, which assures it the widest popular circulation but which contrasts sharply with its highly official political attitude.

The second evening newspaper, the *Tribuna*, is the result of a merger of the old ministerial paper of this name and the nationalist newspaper, the *Idea Nazionale*. The *Tribuna* to-day has a small circulation but it reflects the theoretical standpoint of Fascism. The editor, Senator Roberto Forges Davanzati, has impregnated the newspaper so thoroughly with his own personality that every part of it fits ideologically with every other part. Thus, the *Tribuna* has a definite intellectual basis that gives rise to a rather unfortunate doctrinaire attitude and often makes the newspaper seem to lag behind the events of the day.

Lavoro Fascista, the third evening newspaper in Rome, is the organ of the syndicates. Anyone who wants to keep posted on the syndicates and corporations must read this paper, but the columns it devotes to foreign policy are the best that the Italian press offers in this field. Dr. Giovanni Engely, the foreign editor, whose grandfather was Swiss, is considered by the younger Fascist generation as the greatest critic of foreign policy.

What surprises the foreign reader chiefly is the fact that Rome does not possess any purely political paper although it is the source and fountainhead of political activity in Italy. One has to turn to a boulevard newspaper such as the *Giornale d'Italia* for the official point of view, and the organ of the syndicates gives the most basic analysis of Fascist foreign policy.

The press of Milan, the second Italian metropolis, wears a rather different aspect. The great *Corriere della Sera*, the paper that is most widely known throughout the world, has inherited from its brilliant bourgeois past a distinguished tone, intellectual earnestness, and an excellent foreign-news service. The literary and cultural supplement of the *Corriere*, the so-called *terza pagina*, is always outstanding. Here the best-known names in Italian intellectual life make their appearance. But what sets the pace for Milan is not the *Corriere* but Mussolini's newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia*, which Mussolini founded to advocate intervention during the period of Italian neutrality. This newspaper does not pretend to uphold any tradition, yet it is politically influential since it often publishes articles by Mussolini himself.

A number of large provincial newspapers in Italy have a definite character. Until recently one of the most independent and interesting of them was the *Resto del Carlino* of Bologna because of one correspondent, Mario Missiroli. An administrative reorganization, however, has eliminated the former editor, and this paper, which used to be the best in Bologna, can no longer claim its former quality. On the other hand, *Corriere Padano*, a little provincial paper published in Parma and inspired by Italo Balbo, has preserved its independence. Its editorial staff has remained a little family of first-class journalists, and the reader often gets more from *Corriere Padano* than from the larger newspapers.

Turin has its big newspapers, the

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Stampa and the *Gazzetta del Popolo*. These two enterprises have long been in sharp competition, and each is constantly trying to outdo the other in the freshness and completeness of its news and the number and quality of its editions. The *Stampa* is edited by the political writer Signoretti, whose views on Franco-Italian relations are read with great respect. This newspaper has also excellent foreign correspondence. The *Gazzetta del Popolo* is edited by Deputy Amicucci, who was the first man to organize an Italian newspaper on a large scale. He has made his journal, which was originally a popular sheet for everyday people, into a serious and great organ with a distinguished staff of contributors.

In Genoa one outstanding paper, the *Lavoro*, appears. This is edited by Right-wing Socialists and former leaders of the 'Confederazione Generale del Lavoro' and is the only non-Fascist newspaper in Italy. It prints the official communiqués but adds no comment of its own. It represents a line of thought similar to the English Labor Party. Mussolini has let his former friends on the *Lavoro* alone since they have not entered into political opposition to Fascism but merely exercise the right of freely criticizing official measures.

A few provincial newspapers have definite value as sources of information from the districts in which they appear. The *Telegrafo* of Livorno gives complete news on the problems of Sardinia and Corsica. In Bari the *Gazzetta del Mezzogiorno*, which issues an edition in Albanian, gives full reports of Italian-Albanian relations and of everything that is happening in that little state on the other side of the Adriatic. The *Nazione* of Florence, edited by Maffio Maffii, should also be mentioned, and the great South Italian newspapers like the *Mattino* of Naples and the *Ora* of Palermo have more or less local importance.

The *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, occupies a very distinct position. As a journal of political information it is growing more and more popular, especially beyond the walls of the Church State. The reader finds in this Vatican publication many things on which the Fascist press keeps silent. The foreigner attaches special value to the political opinions that it expresses.

It is of great significance that with a very few exceptions the Italian newspapers cannot reckon on much income from advertising. Only the *Corriere della Sera* in Milan, the *Messaggero* in Rome, and the *Piccolo* in Trieste draw most of their revenue from advertising. The rest of the newspapers receive most of their income from street sales since it is not customary in Italy to subscribe to one newspaper for any given period.

For the sake of completeness, we should also mention Italy's political publications. Corporative policy is most clearly outlined in Bottai's weekly, *Critica Fascista*. The theoretical basis of Italy's foreign policy can be found in *Politica*, edited by Francesco Coppola. Recently there has also appeared in Rome a weekly publication similar to those in England and France, the *Affari Esteri*, that is exclusively concerned with problems of foreign policy. Dr. Engely is its editor.

The Italian journalist is protected by the State professionally and personally, not only with hospitals, health

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institutes, and many other benefits, but with a type of labor insurance. If a professional journalist is dismissed from a newspaper for reasons that have nothing to do with his capacity or anything of that kind, he has a claim to a considerable indemnity. The prestige of the journalist in Italy has risen considerably in recent years. Corruption is out of the question in Fascist newspapers because the way the press is controlled excludes any possibility of intervention on the part of private or independent political or economic interests. Fascist journalism, barely ten years old, has not yet built up any tradition. The transition from the press as it existed in the liberal epoch to the Fascist press could not be anything else than a critical period. If Italian journalism has any shortcomings to-day, they should be regarded as the growing pains of a newly born organism, which hopes that time will work a healing and creative effect.

III. Flanders Fields To-day

By Vladimir Lidin

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Official Government Daily

DEVASTATED Belgium presents a joyless landscape. Cemeteries and monuments preserve the geometry of artillery bombardments, observation points, and gas-infested zones. The map published in commemoration of the War shows a thick abundance of red circles and blue crosses, marking English, French, German, and Belgian war cemeteries. The sorrowful fields of Flanders remember the War. From a hilltop I can see the hills and valleys where hundreds of thousands of men learned the greatness of oblivion. The names of Ypres, Dixmude, and Nieuport entered the history of the World War, for the tremendous struggle that was unfolded over these 'Flanders' fields' carried whole towns away, and the naked, uptorn soil, unadorned by a single house or tree, surrendered itself to the peacetime occupations of man.

Within a small French frontier town textile mills are herded together. More than forty thousand Belgian workers cross the frontier every day to work in these factories. For the present economic depression hit Belgium long ago, and quite recently the Belgian franc lost some of its former value. The Belgian worker receives half as much as his neighbor who works one kilometre away, on French soil. And in Dixmude, at Sunday-morning mass, a priest shared his impressions with the faithful. 'There remains nothing for our young people to do,' he said. 'The best thing for them is to go to war.'

The land that begins at the French frontier is fifteen years old. Not a single house or tree has been in existence for more than fifteen years, not a single forest or grove. Year after year, with unbelievable diligence, men restored fields and pastures, built houses, bridges, and laid out roads. Meagre trees tremble in the wind that blows from the North Sea, timidly marking the roads which they skirt, and the peasant huts receive almost no shade

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from their foliage. Only the cemeteries are monumental. The white English cemeteries, with their upright slabs on which the names of Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Hindus are engraved; the gloomy German cemeteries with rows of black crosses, hundreds of thousands of graves laid out in battle array—columns of those who fell, legions of those who perished, divisions of those who suffered gas poisoning. Green crosses, more numerous than road signs, indicate the direction of the cemeteries. Beautiful monuments and statues of sorrowful women with their hands crossed on their breasts, arches and slabs with names engraved upon them crown this triumphant oblivion.

To this day craters made by artillery shells are filled with dark water. For man has not yet redeemed all the land. Every year, when the peasants start their plowing, they find thousands of artillery cartridges, which they pile up in rusty pyramids in front of their houses. For fifteen years the earth has been bringing forth this yearly harvest. It seems to have no end.

The narrow Iser winds its half-empty bed through the fields of Flanders. When the Germans invaded this territory, the sluice at its mouth was closed, and—like a friend of this greatest human protest against invasion—the river flooded dozens of square kilometres on either side of its banks. For fifteen years the hard-working Belgian peasant has been restoring this land. Hundreds of thousands of Belgian miners work in the coal fields. Their hands, too, have transformed the land.

Next to the textile mills stand big, empty houses, built by the company for the workers. No one lives here because the worker is too poor to pay the rent. He lives a few steps away in a wooden barrack of his own making. But the windows in the beautiful new houses are broken, and the wind howls in the empty rooms. Names of the Belgian and German soldiers are written on marble slabs, and the caption 'Dead for the Fatherland' glorifies monuments that are the masterpieces of famous artists.

Here in this field, in this landscape, the old Flemish masters found their colors, their buxom women, and their well-fed, lazy cows; their herds in the fields and their still-lives, overflowing with fruit, fish, and vegetables. The same powerful Belgian horses draw carts to-day, well-fed cows fill the pastures, pedigreed bulls lazily chew their cud. But there is a tragic contrast between this Flemish abundance and the real life of Belgium. In one of the border towns a worker, a twelve-year-old boy, receives eighty Belgian francs (forty French francs) a week for a full eight-hour day. New workers' houses are torn down because there is no one to live in them, for it is better to destroy them than to rent them at half price. Crowded wooden barracks next to well-built, empty houses have changed the old landscape. The dark colors of contemporary history replenish the palette of the past.

Huge villas with glorious gardens, in which the tender lavender blossoms of the almond and cherry trees are blooming, have closed their shutters, for their owners come here once a year and stay only one month. From the scrap iron of old trenches the peasants have built cellars for their houses, and some have even constructed their en-

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tire dwelling from this material. Shell holes add variety to these unpretentious memorials of the past. Old German cellars stuccoed for eternity remain standing in the middle of the fields. Only dynamite could blast them. The War has dug deep into the earth and will not release its hold. Monuments to the dead mark the high spots, and future artillery men will use them to gauge direction and correct their aim.

A tall monument, the work of the famous del Sarte, stands on the road to Ypres. This is a memorial to those who were gassed, for Ypres gave its name to the deadly 'Yprite.' Three soldiers in tortured positions tear at their stone collars, and the huge arch in Ypres itself commemorates fifty thousand Englishmen, whose names cover hundreds of marble slabs, each with its own number. In La Panne and on the Nieuport beach there are palaces for those who come to rest, apartments that only the very wealthy can afford, villas built in fantastic styles and hotels that look like castles, which attract thousands of tourists, wealthy Americans and Englishmen, who feel duty-bound to come here and inspect the well-preserved trenches, cemeteries, and monuments. It is rare indeed for a spectacle of human suffering to become a source of profit.

II

In Dixmude a huge tower has been erected to Flanders, rising pompous and alone over the fields. Below it, in a huge crypt, which forms the cellar of the tower, are many graves. Dusty wreathes decorate this post-mortuary fame. Slides illuminated from behind show pictures of the War. The wind from the North Sea howls outside the tower walls. People march around the graves in deep silence. Faded photographs show the images of dead heroes, pale faces in the unnatural military poses that the provincial photographer demanded. On a stone pillar the following words are written in thick human blood: 'Here is our blood. Who will restore our rights to us?' Dark despair guided the hands of these unknown soldiers.

The elevator creeps to the top of the tower. A steep stairway resembling the barrel of a gun leads to the platform. The wind tears at the flag on the pole. On the stone banisters the names of nearby localities are carved with arrows indicating the direction. From here you can see as far as the ocean, as far as Dixmude, Nieuport, and Ypres. You can see the fields across which war took its stroll. This is Flanders, the huge pasture of death now filled with craters, well-preserved trenches, buried cartridges, and graves.

In the trenches between Dixmude and Ypres petrified bags full of cement, dug-outs that still bear the caption, 'Hide-Out For Rest,' slits for machine guns and rotting beams. They have been kept as interesting museum pieces. Picture postcards and even entire albums portraying these trenches and underground passages are sold at the entrance. And you can also buy a pin in the form of a bayonet or a German helmet to be used as an ashtray. For the tourist's benefit sumptuous sarcophagi known as hotels have been built, and roads have been laid out so that the cars can visit this museum of death. Hatred of war has long since become a business matter, and the unknown soldiers bring a yearly income to the Govern-

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ment. These expensive monuments, statues, and arches pay for themselves.

In old Bruges, which has long been a place of pilgrimage for tourists, the bells are ringing. A group of little girls are being confirmed in the church of Notre-Dame. These adolescents in long white dresses with trains and veils that look like a bride's stand in the middle of the church. Black, shining carriages with lackeys in livery and a pair of well-fed horses bring the participants to the church. Old family crests are engraved on the carriage doors. Feudal Flanders tries to preserve the glorious past. But Bruges is dead. Its lovely canals with overhanging trees, its fifteenth- and sixteenth-century houses, its peacocks and swans no longer serve Mammon, for there are no customers. A lonely barge crawls along the main canal toward the sea. There are motor-boats for tourists who want to see the city. Ancient guild symbols decorate the houses that once served as shelters for mercantile capitalism in its youth.

In the Bruges museum the old Flemish masters are displayed in full glory. The bells of Bruges monotonously bewail the past. Instead of Vlamincks, Van Eycks, and Memlings, portraits of good old Belgian generals and blue landscapes with views of dead Bruges fill the rooms of contemporary painting. And war pictures of devastated, annihilated Flanders form an irreconcilable contrast with these pictures of the past.

The Belgian coal fields and peasant huts, each with its pile of empty shells at the door, mar the beauty of the summer resort La Panne, which no one can afford. Carriages belonging to the last descendants of famous families rattle along the cobble stones of Bruges, but there are no painters to immortalize the rosy necks of contemporary Flemish men and women. The old art has blown away with the wind, the wind that rages about the tower in Dixmude.

The rights that the unknown soldiers demand in words of blood will be returned to them. Neither ancient crests nor tourist hotels determine the future. Flanders' fields will not be washed clean by pleasing landscapes or by cemeteries with rows of graves. Living people will resort to action. They will plow this war-devastated land. They have leveled its surface and built houses on it and planted trees. The yearly harvest of cartridges bespeaks the fact that the land has not yet returned to man all that it stored up from the last War. Future harvests will be different, and already the Belgian workers are heroically rebuilding their country.

IV. Göring and the Girls

By René Hesse

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

HERMANN GÖRING'S new wife is an actress in the State Theatre with a lifelong job and the first movie star in UFA's constellation. A blonde of moderate height and agreeable aspect, she is descended on her father's side from Leopold Sonnemann, a notable Jewish publisher. Sonnemann was the

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founder and for many years the proprietor of the liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Here is a relationship to which Göring, for reasons that are easily understood, does not call attention.

Up to the moment when National Socialism triumphed, Emmy Sonnemann, the great German star, was a rather obscure actress in a German provincial theatre. She played for a long time in the Weimar Theatre under the direction of Ulbrich without having her reputation spread beyond the limits of that city. Even at that time, in 1926–27, she was on a footing of great intimacy with Göring. But she was clever enough to understand the necessities of politics, and she knew that she should remain in the background at first.

Before the National Socialists came to power, another woman had already played an important rôle in Göring's life. She was the sister of a big industrialist, a friend and financier of the Party. This sister, Anita, who was physically agreeable if not particularly attractive, worked for a long time with Hermann Göring as his confidential secretary. Her brother, a prudent and suspicious politician, had put his sister in this position primarily to have a dependable source of first-hand information and did not envisage marriage until later. But, if the rise of Göring continued, family ties would bind them still more closely together. In any case, it is certain that the Thyssen family expected Anita's marriage. It is equally certain that Göring did nothing to dim this hope. Emmy Sonnemann's existence remained a secret. In Anita's presence Hermann Göring seemed to remember only his first wife, who, as everyone knows, had died.

Some weeks after the Nazis had seized power and Göring's extraordinary rise began, Anita was suddenly sent to eastern Germany and 'discharged,' as certain malicious tongues assert. Almost at the same moment the new star of Emmy Sonnemann began to shine in the theatrical firmament of Berlin. But the relations between Göring and Emmy Sonnemann were, of course, kept secret for fear of aggravating Anita's brother, the omnipotent industrialist.

Telephone calls from Weimar then prepared the editorial offices of the Berlin newspapers for the arrival of a new artist and advised circumspect criticism. They spoke of the 'relations of Miss Sonnemann with a very important personality, one of whose dearest desires was thus to receive its realization.' It was only after the Third Reich had been established, when the connections between the financial protector and the leaders of the Party had already weakened somewhat, that the relationship was virtually acknowledged.

II

The career of Emmy Sonneman in the Berliner Theater did not go forward without certain difficulties in spite of the very high protection she enjoyed. It must be remembered that Göring's great adversary, Propaganda Minister Goebbels, set the tone for his partisans and for the newspapers, forcing the unfortunate theatrical producers to play a difficult diplomatic rôle. At the beginning of 1933, the obscure Weimar actress was asked to play the rôle of Margaret in a production of *Faust* given in the National Theatre in Berlin. Surrounded by

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remarkable troupe of the National Theatre in the best production of the year, Miss Sonnemann, a provincial actress of mediocre ability, cut a rather pathetic figure. No one could call it a success either as far as the press or the public was concerned. No return engagement was arranged.

Then a new direction was taken. The all-too-perspicacious director of the State Theatre was dismissed and replaced by Ulbrich, the insignificant director of the Weimar Theatre. He, however, was deposed just as soon as he had fulfilled the friendly service that had been expected of him. For his first duty was to engage Miss Sonnemann. This rising star then made her second appearance before the Berlin public in *Schlageter.*

The press, with a few exceptions, notably the *Angriff* and some of Goebbels's newspapers, now understood the intrigue and printed more favorable criticisms. They did not forget to mention 'the lack of color in the rôle itself.' Even these later criticisms contained passages worthy of note. To cite but one instance, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* evolved this piquant phrase to describe the representation of Minna von Barnhelm: 'Emmy Sonnemann plays her rôle with the wisdom of a woman who knows the ridiculous aspects of every man.'

Meantime, an official proclamation made Emmy Sonnemann a state actress with a job for life and a special title to a pension. Provincial directors organized gala performances for the Berlin star, surrounding them with considerable publicity. But the provincial press was harder to manipulate than the big Berlin newspapers. The enthusiasm of the critics left a great deal to be desired. Emmy Sonnemann was neglected, and the provincial performances were abandoned. UFA then engaged the star of the National Theatre as its leading lady, although she had appeared in a Nazi version of William Tell, made in Switzerland, that proved to be a catastrophic failure.

Emmy Sonnemann's situation is not a simple one. Inside the Party, and not only in Goebbels's clique, she is none too popular. Her influence is feared, for no one has excessive confidence in her loyalty to the Party. There are various anecdotes about her, some malicious, some not. For instance Miss Sonnemann is said to have asked at a tea party of Goebbels's what would be a good thing to do for the German people. Miss Nielsen is then said to have suggested that she take a course in elocution.

Emmy Sonnemann, the little provincial actress, Emmy Sonnemann, the grand star of the German stage, Emmy Sonnemann, now Emmy Göring, will have a brilliant career. Without dramatic ability but with calm certainty, she will play the rôle of wife of the German Air Minister, who is also president of the Reichstag. She will continue to greet Käthe Dorsch very amiably in the Göring house, having a fine understanding of the eventual necessity for a second Anita. Emmy Sonnemann is a clever woman, and, as she herself says, she 'knows her Hermann.'

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A bitter Chinese gives Senator Thomas's silver policy short shrift; a Britisher tells of Sven Hedin's last journey to Chinese Turkestan; another discusses Japanese religion; a Swiss composes a farewell lyric to Japan.

Oriental ECHOES

A Far Eastern Symposium

I. An Open Letter to Senator Thomas

By Junius Sinicus

From the *People's Tribune*, Shanghai Nationalist Semi-Monthly

GREETINGS from the sister republic on the opposite side of the misnamed Pacific to a brother human! (I must assume the existence of that relationship, however hateful it may seem to you, coming from such a quarter, and even though you use your tongue as a tiger uses its claws rather than as a brother should speak of one in dire distress.)

I address you from a land where hundreds of millions are struggling—as perhaps some of your ancestors struggled a couple of centuries ago—for the right to live their lives in their own way, in peace and the pursuit of happiness. It has been a long and hard fight yet seems scarcely to have begun, so far off is our goal. For the last quarter of a century, in particular, we have had what many of your countrymen would call a 'tough time,' but, in spite of devastating droughts, floods, earthquakes, storms, famine, and fighting (private family affairs and more public affrays with intruders from without), we have somehow contrived to stagger and stumble along, not only hopeful but determined to attain the end we have in view—to secure for our people

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peace and prosperity and for our country the world's respect as a cultured and progressive nation.

Whether such an ambition appeals to you as a worthy and commendable one I do not know—but I doubt it. Judging from what I read in the newspapers, you do not appear to be a man likely to have the slightest respect for anybody who happens to be in such a position as to be unable to display a menacing mailed fist. 'Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost' seems to be the sort of savage philosophy that appeals to you, whose heart must be as hard as your head is soft. At the hands of those who for many years past have made no secret of their real intentions, China has lost —temporarily, I hope—the use of some of her limbs. At the hands of those who profess to be her friends, she is now being rapidly drained of her lifeblood as the result of a cruel stab in the back.

II

And what do you—the Oklahoma Oracle—think about it all? You condemn the 'Wall Street mouthpieces' for trying to serve their own selfish purposes by scaring the American nation about the disadvantages of the silver policy you advocate. This selfishness, you suggest, takes the form of exploiting cheap Chinese labor in the hope of making excessive profits—but there is no selfishness about *your* attitude. You take a most generous and even magnanimous view of your responsibilities as a legislator, and, when it is suggested that Congress might possibly do something to minimize the disastrous effects produced in this country by your Government's silver policy, you—according to a United Press message from Washington, dated March 11—very kindly and unselfishly said:—

> 'The business of Congress is to legislate on behalf of our own people, not on behalf of the people of other Governments. When did it become our duty to sacrifice our own protection for other countries because a few speculators and bankers have been injured?'

If you knew what my opinions are about speculators—not only on Wall Street but in this country and others —and about those who exploit cheap labor (Chinese and other), you would probably be astonished at the warmth of my indignation, as I am astonished at your cold-blooded indifference to the sufferings of the four hundred millions in China as a result of this silver policy of which you are so stalwart a defender.

The word 'Oklahoma' has a very pleasant sound—much more pleasing to me than the sentiments expressed by you as the State's representative in the Senate at Washington. Whether I ever visited Oklahoma during my travels in the United States I cannot now remember, but by what I read it must be a delightful place—to be out of! I do not wonder you prefer to stay in the pleasant city of Washington.

Are you, I wonder, a member of the High-Hat Club or acquainted with its curious activities as the nucleus of a ring of 'society gangsters'? I see by the papers that the 'gilded youth' of Tulsa have been making a name for themselves by playing up what is called the 'oil aristocracy' of that city. A young man was recently found shot in his car, and a 19-year-old Oklahoman has been charged with his murder. Another member of the High-Hat Club was subsequently found dead

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in his car; young women have to go about with bodyguards; 'High-Hat' members have been warned to stay away from the University; and dozens of socially prominent co-eds have fled in terror of fresh revelations and scandals, or even crimes. The young man accused of murder is said at one time to have proposed to leave for China to 'start a revolution.' What a pity he did not carry out that amiable intention! Had he come over here and 'started something' in the efficient manner of those gangster-countrymen of yours, whose exploits are regularly presented for our edification at the local cinema, it might then have been your pleasing duty to rise on your hind legs in the Senate and bray about the grave responsibility resting upon the Chinese Government for having failed to extend to this young Oklahoman the protection that should be enjoyed by every free-born American citizen in accordance with treaty rights.

III

Oklahoma (the state you represent, Senator) is a Cherokee word, meaning the 'Home of the Red Men.' It was their home, and to a certain extent still is, for I believe there are about 50,000 of them settled on what are called 'inalienable homesteads.' I believe I am also right in saying that years ago practically the entire area consisted of Indian reservations, but, learning of its great natural resources, many of your enterprising countrymen from Kansas started to encroach upon the Indians' territory. Eventually, after some 'dickering' with the Red Men, the right was acquired to open their lands to white settlers, and in April, 1889, a horde of 20,000 'boomers' fell over each other in a mad rush over the borders to Oklahoma to grab what they could in the way of choice agricultural and town lots. Not till 1907 did the 'Boomers' Paradise' attain the dignity of a state, and instead of being the 'Home of the Red Men' Oklahoma then had the inestimable privilege of sending persons like you to Washington to babble and blather about subjects you have never seriously studied and to support a policy that has been put into operation with a complete disregard, if not lack of comprehension, of its effect upon other nations.

The Oklahoma outlook on life as expressed by you in discussing the silver question is one that gives little hope for the progress of civilization—or even for its survival. In repudiating all obligation on the part of Congress to consider the rights and interests of other nations, you remind me of that other addle-headed legislator who opposed action to benefit posterity with the unanswerable question: 'What has posterity done for us that we should burden ourselves with this financial responsibility?' Yet what can one expect of a state like Oklahoma, which has a university where the Alpha Delta Sigma fraternity bow their wooden heads in adoration before an autographed portrait of one William Wrigley? The chewing-gum magnate is their patron saint, and, as they ruminate, no doubt they rant and rave in the manner that, a few years later, will bring them high executive positions in the ranks of Mystic Shriners, Ku-Klux-Klansmen, Elks, Kiwanis, Rotary, and sundry other Babbittarian bodies devoted to the important and edifying work of self-admiration and mutual back-scratching. If that

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Congress of which you are an undistinguished member had many men of your way of thinking among its number, there would have been no Kellogg Pact for preserving the world's peace, nor any form of coöperation with the League of Nations in its humanitarian activities, from checking the traffic in arms and drugs to the emancipation of white slaves; and, if Congress had never been moved by motives and considerations less selfish than those that alone appeal to your perverted sense of right and justice, your country would be all that H. L. Mencken has so graphically described—and worse!

Many years ago another fellow countryman of yours, a certain Mr. A. Lincoln, of whom possibly you may have heard in your schooldays (I suppose you did go to school for a time), spoke of 'a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.' I think I am right in saying that subsequently this proposition was somewhat modified and held not to apply to the noble Red Man and certain races with black or yellow skins, nor to certain others of doubtful Nordic and Aryan origin, though, to be sure, they all are physically men very much like Mr. Lincoln and your unrespected self. Whether the former would have approved these later amendments of the fundamental theory that all men are born free and equal may be a matter of opinion, but I cannot believe that Abraham Lincoln would have contended that, if any action by Congress inflicted unintended and unavoidable hardship upon a friendly nation, it was no part of his duty as a patriotic American citizen to see what could be done to mitigate, if not to remove, the suffering inflicted upon an innocent party—even though the victim was of Oriental race and there were over 400 million of him, all more or less affected by an Act of Congress designed to benefit the American people, which, incidentally and accidentally, has brought China to the verge of national bankruptcy.

II. A Road to Sin-Kiang

By a China Correspondent

From the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

THE expedition to Chinese Turkestan from which Dr. Sven Hedin has just returned is not only another feather in the cap of a distinguished traveler; it has an interesting bearing on the eccentric politics of the Far East. When he started out on this journey, Sven Hedin was already sixty-nine years of age, and, appropriately enough, he celebrated his seventieth birthday at Nanking, where he had returned to report to the Government in whose interest he had again visited the region that he first penetrated over forty years ago.

Chinese Turkestan, better known here as Sin-Kiang Province, is one of the most inaccessible corners of Asia. Travel is rendered hard by the absence of roads and by the climate. The province was, moreover, in a state of rebellion when Sven Hedin started forth from Peiping, and it says a great deal for his courage and physical

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hardihood that he proceeded at all. But he is safely back, having done what he set out to do, and during his stay in Shanghai, on his way back to Sweden, he gave the impression, not that he is planning an easy old age in Stockholm, but that he is already considering his next adventure.

The Swedish scientific expedition to Central Asia headed by Dr. Sven Hedin, which was in the field from 1928 to 1934, provided its leader with a great deal of geographical and other information, which peculiarly fitted him for the task that the Chinese Government invited him to undertake. From 1932 onward chaotic conditions have prevailed in Sin-Kiang, the result of external invasion and internal rebellion. Until 1932 there were practically no Chinese forces in the province, and the then Governor had to maintain authority as best he could. Soviet influence was powerful, and the same official is now on trial in China for making concessions to Russia damaging to Chinese interests. When the Japanese drive in Manchuria caused the Chinese forces to withdraw over the Russian frontier into Transbaikalia, several thousands of those troops were interned in Siberia and were eventually evacuated to Sin-Kiang, the nearest Chinese territory.

Sin-Kiang had in the meanwhile been invaded by a Mohammedan army from Kansu Province, and Chinese authority had been maintained by a body of troops recruited from the numerous White Russian refugees settled there. With the advent of the Manchurian troops the Chinese military element became predominant, and the White Russians retired into the background, disappointed by the treatment accorded to them. Meanwhile the Tungans and the Kirghiz, themselves split into factions, revolted in other parts of the province. The White Russians now being out of the field, the Mohammedan General Ma Chung-ying pressed forward again and threatened the capital. He was eventually rounded up and defeated by native forces, which were supplied and equipped from over the Russian frontier.

II

This superficial summary of recent events in Sin-Kiang suffices to indicate the weakness of China's hold there, the existence of elements ready to resist Chinese control, and the extent of Russian influence in the province. In view of what has happened in Outer Mongolia, and considering the loss of Manchuria and the risk of adverse developments in Inner Mongolia, the maintenance of China's position in Sin-Kiang has obviously become a problem. It takes many months for caravans to reach there from the railheads at Paotowchen and Sianfu, both distant well over 2,000 miles by road from Kashgar, and, although travelers by motor-car can push through in less time, the sandy wastes to be traversed and the total absence of supplies by the way make that means of transport impossible except for small and expensively equipped parties.

Without better communications it is impossible for China to send a military expedition to Sin-Kiang to reëstablish control. The extension of the railways must be a matter of many years, and the only alternative is the institution of motor roads. The

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Chinese Government, therefore, requested Dr. Sven Hedin to journey once more to his old haunts with the specific object of reporting upon the most suitable one for a great motor highway into the far west. Although the explorer professes total ignorance of the political motives of the Government, it may safely be concluded that China wished to find the quickest route by which men and cartridges may be brought to Sin-Kiang.

III

In October, 1933, Sven Hedin left Peiping, accompanied by Dr. Folke Bergeman and Mr. Parker Chen, members of his previous expedition, a surgeon and a motor engineer of Swedish nationality, two Chinese road experts from the Ministry of Railways, and a few servants. They were accommodated in a motor-car and four lorries, and their main equipment was 1,500 gallons of petrol, which, with a consignment sent ahead, was expected to see them out and back. The first stages were made by rail, and the party then took to the northern trade route stretching westward from Kweihwa. Their first point of interest was Pailingmiao, where they received the blessing of the Tashi-Lama of Thibet, and by Christmas the expedition had reached Edsin, the country of the Torguts, a Mongol tribe with a romantic history.

After feasting on the pheasants, which are plentiful at Edsin, the expedition pushed westward across the unpopulated southwestern salient of the Gobi desert towards Hami, where they were hopeful of a friendly reception from Ma Chung-ying, the Mohammedan general, who had entered Sin-Kiang but was not yet the declared enemy of the Chinese Government. From Hami they went to Urumchi and had an exciting encounter with the rebel Tungans, whose firing caused them to leave the cars and hide in the bush. At a later date on the return journey they had a more dangerous adventure, for Ma Chung-ying, by now on the run, demanded the use of a car to send to Kashgar. His soldiers stripped the party and threatened to shoot, but the doctor saved the situation by giving up the car, which to his surprise was eventually returned with driver, both intact. A short time afterward Ma Chung-ying imprisoned the party at Korla and commandeered all the cars but a fortnight later returned cars and drivers with apologies to the doctor and a handsome present of astrakhan skins. Next came the Manchurian general in pursuit of Ma Chung-ying. He also commandeered the cars and drivers, but again they were safely restored. The return journey was made by the southern route and was completed safely through the cities of Tunghwang, Anhsichow, Yumenn, Suchow, Kanchow, Liangchow, and Lanchowfu, whence the last lap to the new railhead at Sianfu was comparatively easy traveling.

IV

The Government now has the data upon which to plan a highway to Sin-Kiang, either by the northern or the southern route. The information provided by the expedition has already resulted in the formation of the Suiyuan-Sin-Kiang Motorbus Company, which has begun operations and every week dispatches seven or

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more omnibuses from Kweihwa to Hami, loaded with cargo and mails. The last little fleet included among the passengers women and children of the families of the Manchurian soldiers now holding the fort at Urumchi. It will be rough traveling for them, for there is still no road other than the caravan track—and no protection against the Arctic cold, the furious duststorms, and the blazing heat of summer. To make a road fit for heavy traffic in all weather, with water and supplies at regular stages, for a distance of roughly 1,200 miles, a great part of which is desert pure and simple, is a big task, not to be lightly undertaken while serious problems, financial as well as military, are confronting the Government nearer home. Whether heavy expenditure is worthwhile in an attempt to establish control of territory so far distant as Sin-Kiang and of such doubtful value to China is a matter requiring serious consideration.

III. Religion in Japan

By a Japan Correspondent

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

RELIGIONS are not exclusive in Japan. The fact that Shinto becomes more fanatical and more obligatory every year in no way hinders a Buddhist revival. Nor is there any difficulty about using the radio for preaching. On the other hand, one cannot slip in a kind word for Socialism on the Japanese radio. Different people, different taboos. Early last summer two Buddhist priests gave a series of broadcast lectures on the Sutras. They proved to be popular beyond all hope; the lectures were published in book form and enjoyed a large sale. More books and more lectures followed; the popular magazines published articles on Buddhism, with such titles as 'The Significance of Buddhism in Modern Times,' 'Modern Society and Religion,' 'Religion and the Man in the Street,' 'Some Popular Priests.'

On all hands the 'religious restoration' was talked of. A Japanese writer, reviewing the subject, says: 'The now popular religious restoration, in reality a restoration of Buddhism, is essentially a development accompanying the rise of nationalism in the sphere of political thought.' He goes on to explain that, though Buddhism is not a religion of Japanese origin (a thing that has to be apologized for in these sensitive days), it has developed into something peculiarly Japanese, and now, 'savoring more of Japan than of India, is related closely to the nationalism peculiar to the Japanese nation.'

The causes of this revival are so mixed that it is difficult to sort out their relative importance. A leading place must be given, no doubt, to the consciousness of the Buddhist priesthood that these are days when one must be up and doing or else get left behind. A considerable awakening was caused a quarter of a century ago when they understood that valuable membership was being lost through the superior attractions offered by the Christian missions to men of moral earnestness and religious disposition. To-

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day the emphasis on nationalism and the increasingly religious aspect of Shinto have caused the question to be raised among Buddhists, 'What are we doing for the nation?'

II

As for the skeptical ruling class, they are ready to encourage anything that diverts the mind from Communism and from serious political thought of any kind. Hence, they are all for orthodox religion of any kind that is politically safe. The more uncompromising becomes the deification of the Emperor, the more doubtful it is whether Christianity can be trusted not to undermine loyalty. No such fears are felt with regard to Buddhism, especially as there is a complete lack of community of thought with Buddhists elsewhere, while all Japanese Buddhists are more than ready to endorse the fact that their religion has become 'peculiarly Japanese.'

To counteract disruptive ideas, especially Marxist or Leninist, the founding of religious societies and organizations has been officially encouraged, lectures on religion have been given in schools and young men's societies, and Buddhist chaplains have been provided in prisons and even in some factories. Japanese observers consider that, though these officially encouraged movements have not exactly promoted religious enthusiasm, they have done much to occupy people's minds, which might otherwise have dallied with radicalism.

There is some difference of opinion as to the present state of popular receptiveness. One writer thinks that the stress of poverty and the worries of uncertainty incline men's hearts to religion but away from the 'isms'—perhaps, being a Japanese, he thinks of Buddhism by its native name and not as an 'ism.' He is unquestionably right in thinking that Fascism has little popularity; but this is because the spirit of it is already there, overlaid with militarism and Shinto. The movement avoided the foreign name from the outset and called itself 'Kodo' instead.

The Neo-Shinto sects walk warily. Tenrikyo approximates to Christian Science and is ambitious of becoming a world religion, not merely a tribal faith; it promotes the higher education in a very liberal manner. Another sect that indulges in faith-healing is Hito-no-michi, the Way of Man—a name comparing with Kami-no-michi (or Shinto), the Way of the Gods. This comparatively new faith claims to have 600,000 adherents and appears to consist of nationalism and faith-healing only. Yet it has sufficient attraction to bring large crowds to its meetings.

III

By official declaration 'State Shinto' is not a religion, but this declaration was made only so that compulsory Emperor worship and attendance at shrines might not be resisted in the name of religious freedom. In the House of Peers just lately it has shown one of religion's ugliest phases. The learned Dr. Minobe published a treatise on Japanese constitutionalism, which would be regarded by any stranger reading it as impeccably loyal. In discussing the position of the Emperor, he said something to the general effect that the Emperor's absolute power was not a personal prerogative but inhered in him as an

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'organ' or 'institution' (there is some doubt as to what is the most suitable English word) of the State. This caused an incredible storm. Day after day elderly loyalists in the Upper House returned to the charge, and, to judge by their language, nothing could soothe their feelings but the public humiliation and disgrace of Dr. Minobe. Dr. Minobe defended himself but professed his readiness to withdraw any words that offended. This, however, did not satisfy the loyalists. The Premier got out of it by saying that he had not read the treatise. The loyalists want blood nevertheless. The Emperor and the State are one and indivisible; no words must be used to separate them; and it is blasphemous to call the Emperor an institution or an organ. Several patriotic societies have declared war on the theories of Dr. Minobe. The affair may fizzle out, but it is a good example of the ways of patriotism in Japan at present—its religious fervor and the strong disposition of the loyalists to exalt themselves by denouncing others.

IV. Farewell to Japan

By Professor Paul Keller

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich German-language Daily

FAREWELL, land between yesterday and to-morrow, land of contrasts;

Land of North and South, of automobiles, electric railways, and rickshaws drawn by men as draught animals; land of tall buildings of steel and stone and low huts, like mushrooms under roofs of weather-beaten thatch; land of armor plate and paper walls, of soft kimonos and stiff dress shirts, of paper umbrellas over boyish heads; land of a hundred thousand little shops and of giant warehouses; land of paper lanterns and flaming electric signs;

Land of hotels without chairs or beds but full of friendly attentions and of occidental 'Grand Hotels' with vast public rooms, dance floors, and servants who speak bad English; land of strange customs, in which one can not make an excursion without police surveillance or take a photograph without risk of arrest; land of order and discipline and of the most arrogant cyclists and pedestrians in the world; land of officials whose cocky self-assurance collapses only when the red-tape breaks or their superior officer appears;

Land of pearls and imitation silk, of tasteless trash and costly works of art, of modern dance halls and old-fashioned geishas, of feverish imitation of everything new and strange that nevertheless maintains secure the prestige of ancient Japanese tradition;

Land of lovely women with the most child-like laughter in the world, of hard, distrustful men with an impenetrable look in their eyes; land of overflowing love for children—and of little girls offered for sale; land of the steamroller and of women day-laborers; land of carefree joy in living and casual departure from this world when love or honor dictates;

Land between feudalism and capitalism; land of great country estates and of tiny peasant holdings; land of

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great wealth and great poverty, of superabundance and hunger; people without space for expansion who raise large families; nation with an elected parliament, ruled by a handful of officers, financial magnates, sword-rattling youths, and peace-loving diplomats; land of the bold face and the timid heart; land of ancient cedar-shaded temples and of modern universities; land without individualism, which always finds strong leaders; land of hopeful men on a precarious earth.

Japan, between yesterday and to-morrow, land of transitions, contradictions, and strains, land without satiety or self-complacency, land of restless work and of demoniac strivings for power and greatness—romantics may lament your break with your peaceful secure past, but I love you for your contrasts and honor your struggles for what they will yield. It is the battle of the mingling of West with East. In that battle you will remain Asia, because that is your original character. Like the white powder on the brown cheeks of your women, everything western will scarcely alter your appearance. For underneath lives Asia.

'East is East, and West is West'—a month ago this sentence seemed to me a mere banality. To-day it is full of deep meaning and eternal truth.

God Save the Queen

Cheering, singing, shouting and crying.

And then the King!

A pale radiance, a slender-whited shadow, with the Queen behind him . . .

The Queen then did a strange, an unusual thing.

She outstretched her arms, so that all might see that she was real and human.

—*Daily Express*, London Conservative Daily

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BOOKS ABROAD

DEUTSCHE GESCHICHTE IM NEUNZEHNTEN JAHRHUNDERT. *By Franz Schnabel. Volumes I, II, and III. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder. 1935.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

IN HIS preface to the first volume of this work Herr Schnabel points out that no history of Germany in the nineteenth century has been published since Treitschke's famous work, the first volume of which appeared as long ago as 1879. The fifty years that have since passed, not to mention the catastrophe of the World War, have made a fresh review of this fateful epoch in the story of the German nation essential, while the fact that the history of Europe in the nineteenth century may now be considered a closed chapter makes it possible to review it with a greater philosophic detachment than was formerly possible.

Apart from the flux of time, indeed, such a detached treatment was greatly needed, for Treitschke's work, though a splendid monument of literary style, was anything but detached, inspired as it was by hatred of democracy and of England as its banner-bearer and devoted mainly to the propagation of what Herr Schnabel calls 'the Hohenzollern legend.' Herr Schnabel himself, though German patriots will find little to cavil at in his work, exhibits no such prejudices. His task—in which it may be at once said that he has admirably succeeded—has been 'to examine and portray the intimate interconnections of all the domains of life, in order to give in broad outlines a biography of European and German man and to offer an historical explanation of the present position of European culture, in general, and of that of Germany, in particular.'

The work is thus not confined to political history but covers all the chief departments of human thought and activity. For English students of European affairs, however, its chief interest and importance lie in the fact that, though it was written before the National-Socialist revolution, it throws a vivid light on the ultimate motive forces that produced it.

That an understanding of the revolution is no easy matter is due to the immense difference between the histories of the English and German peoples. As Herr Schnabel points out, England, safe behind her 'moat,' alone of European nations was able to develop her political structure, without a break, from the feudal system to that of representative democracy, while the preservation of the traditional organs of local self-government ensured the maintenance of order with little or no interference by the 'hand of power.' In England, therefore, there has never been any tendency, at least since Stuart days, to exalt the idea of the state, but rather the reverse. For nigh on a millennium, moreover, England has suffered no foreign invasion; she has emerged successful from most of her trials; and for this reason perhaps the English have short memories and are little interested in history. Very different has been the experience of Germany through the ages, and it is necessary to understand in what this difference

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consists if we are to have any understanding of the political ideas of present-day Germany and their philosophical foundations.

Of the philosopher champions of the state two were preëminent—Fichte and Hegel. Both were pantheists, and both placed the transitory state in the service of the eternal world spirit. But Hegel went beyond Fichte in holding that the world spirit realized itself in the earthly state, which led him to the conclusion that might is right. Herr Schnabel draws an interesting picture of the philosopher, seated in his comfortable bourgeois study, drawing deductions from his major premise without the slightest inkling of the effects his doctrine was going to have in practice. And the effects were momentous. Since might is right, Napoleon seemed to him to be the very incarnation of the world spirit and Machiavellism the synonym of morality.

Herr Schnabel says: 'To German men of learning he set the example of intoxicating themselves, in their peaceful and secure studies, with Machiavelli and might: the chivalry characteristic of the age of reason was gradually lost during the nineteenth century, and moral truth was made unrecognizable by sophistry. To Hegel and his disciples it is due that the state has become an end in itself, that beside the reason of state there are neither popular nor individual rights, that all individual ethics are rejected, Christianity and Kant alike denied, and religion made the handmaid of power.'

The 'German God' of the War of Liberation was, after all, only the God of Martin Luther; the German God of to-day is the world spirit, which finds its highest earthly expression in the German State. To young Germany this doctrine has come as a message of hope after the chaos and misery of the years following the War; and only those who have come into contact with German youth can realize with what fanatical zeal it devotes itself to the State and its service.

This, however, is to go beyond Herr Schnabel's book, which stops short of the Revolution of 1848. Enough has been said, it is hoped, to point out its great interest and value. It has two other merits: it is written in a clear and readable style and it is printed in legible Latin type.

There are several curious mistakes. Egypt was *not* left to Great Britain after the Congress of Vienna; Robespierre did *not* erect altars to 'the Goddess of Reason'; Castlereagh was *not* 'the enemy of all motions toward liberty' but only of violent revolution; George Canning was *not* a Lord; and the Duke of Wellington *did* win the Battle of Waterloo. But one weakness of Herr Schnabel's otherwise excellent and well-documented work is that it contains no reference whatever to the many trustworthy English sources.

LES HAUTS-PONTS. *Volume III. Les Années d'espérance. By Jacques de Lacretelle. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1935.*

(Edmond Jaloux in *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

I FEEL that in the third volume of *Les Hauts-Ponts*, which has just appeared, M. Jacques de Lacretelle gives of himself more freely and opens his heart to us. His work gains thereby. We were sometimes embarrassed in *Sabine* and *Fiançailles* to see so much art, but also so much skill, in the serv-

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ice of adventures that were wonderfully told, no doubt, but that lacked the human accent that makes the narrative of other novelists so poignant. On the other hand, we found an attempt at objectivity that was to the credit of the author, but even this may become dangerous, for it sometimes gives a book a cold and, one might even say, a barren aspect. The important thing is to achieve equilibrium, and in *Years of Hope* this equilibrium is reëstablished. We find both the almost perfect narrative that characterizes M. de Lacretelle's talent as well as the subtle warmth, which, though secret, infuses an imaginative work with life.

We may recall that M. Darembert was forced to lose his estate, the Hauts-Ponts, where Lise, his daughter, had been brought up. Since then she has had a lover, to whom she bore a son, Alexis, and she remains in possession of enough money to bring up the child. Furthermore, she means to add to her income by economizing, and especially she hopes that she will be able some day to buy back the Hauts-Ponts and to stage a triumphant return to the house that she left so humbly.

Alexis's father was Jean de la Fontange, who was in love with the boy's mother. He was an undecided man, a dreamer. And his son has inherited from him the mysterious gift of living in visions. Thus we have the opposition of two characters—one devoted to material acquisition, to the feeling of possession, and to a dark and self-contained avidity; the other devoted to that which cannot be attained, to the art of an exquisite magician, which is the form that spirit itself takes on in the eyes of those who know the secrets of its magic. The mother and the son have one thing in common—the feeling of pursuit. They are both seeking a goal that escapes them, although one of their goals, which is actually accessible, has to do with a possession that is in reality more fictitious than the things that are not subject to the laws of the outer world.

It is in the study of Alexis Darembert that we see reappearing the clear light of emotion, and we rejoice. M. Jacques de Lacretelle has always had a secret preference for isolated human beings, for those whom Turgeniev, who loved them, too, called 'superfluous men.' The cause of this isolation may change in the course of his books, but the fact itself remains the same. It is because Silbermann was a Jew that he considered himself beyond the pale of humanity. It is because the Bonifas woman had ways different from most women's that she lived apart from human sentiment.

Alexis Darembert belongs in this category. But the reasons for his moral isolation are less definite, less external, and consequently more subtle. It is rather natural that Silbermann or the Bonifas woman should turn in upon themselves. Alexis Darembert has no other reasons for doing so than his abnormal birth, the peculiarities of his education, and the troubled, dual personality that he has inherited from his fantastic father and his ambitious, mad mother. We know that this slow preparation will lead to the fourth volume, *La Monnaie de plomb*, in which we shall see how these two beings, who are, at the same time, so different and so close to one another, confront the accomplished act.

What is the stuff that Alexis's dreams are made of? It is difficult to say because dreaminess of this kind

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has a vague character. It is a strange mental passiveness, which permits the almost undiscovered forms of the imagination to bloom, to grow, and to become distorted like clouds of smoke and which gives him who abandons himself to these half-visions something of the pleasure that smoking affords. Alexis thinks he is alone in life, or, rather, he imagines that he alone enjoys this particular kind of preoccupation, but his life changes on the day when he meets a naïve little peasant girl who has almost the same gift as he.

This little Marie Plannier is one of my favorite characters in *Years of Hope*. She does n't seem real, for one does n't meet people like her every day, yet she is infinitely human, genuine, and touching. This Marie is the daughter of an honest worker, a scissors-grinder by trade and an astrologer by inclination, who lives apart from other people in a sort of gypsy wagon that he has built himself.

Marie Plannier touches Alexis by her gift for saying things that resemble his own most secret thoughts. They exchange strange confidences about these vague images, these bizarre similarities, these half-formulated desires that arise in their minds. Thus they find a pleasure in each other's company that nothing else can equal. It is but one step from this emotion to love, and they take that step without knowing it. They are already in love when they still think of their relationship as a childhood friendship.

At this point Madame Darembert's evil and dangerous spirit intrudes. We should recall that the Hauts-Ponts estate has been bought by a certain M. de Prieix, a sensualist and a widower. It is difficult to discover whether this solitary squire is genuinely unhappy or whether he finds it difficult to get accustomed to his enforced celibacy. At any rate, we see him gradually going mad. Madame Darembert hears about this from a servant who has been dismissed, and she evolves the idea of getting Marie Plannier a job in this satyr's household. Does she have any idea of what may happen? If she does, her scheme seems rather Machiavelian. But M. de Lacretelle lets us guess more than he actually says.

However that may be, the arrangement turns out as badly as Madame Darembert could have wished. Hubert de Prieix cannot resist Marie's ingenuous charm. One fine evening he rapes her, and she is found, lying unconscious on the road and covered with mud. The people who pick her up take her to the Daremberts' because they have found a letter addressed to Alexis in her pocket. In the eyes of this dreamy child this first encounter with reality has a brutal quality that he cannot bear. He loved a dreamer like himself, the daughter of an astrologer. He cannot tolerate an ordinary girl reduced to her feminine function by a criminal act. He does n't care whether she is guilty or innocent. Marie's misfortune places her beyond the pale of the world in which Alexis was accustomed to associate with her. We have here a psychological observation of the utmost finesse. Alexis draws away from the unfortunate girl, and she is so unhappy that in the convent where she has been placed she kills herself by pretending to fall from a ladder.

But Madame Darembert has given this scandal all the publicity possible. The crime was no sooner committed than she reported it to the authorities. The police get after M. Hubert de

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Prieix, who can escape only by seeking refuge in a clinic and pretending to be insane. There is no longer any question of his living in the Hauts-Ponts. His family, disgusted with his behavior, offer the estate for sale. Lise makes all kinds of sacrifices to buy it and finally succeeds. The dream of her life has come true. The shame of her family is wiped away. She can return, her head held high, to this estate, which she left in such utter humility.

The end of *Years of Hope* is very beautiful and very melancholy. Lise and her son return to the Hauts-Ponts. Alexis has not lost any of his childish love for the miraculous. 'And he acquired with intellectual maturity the will to escape consciously into illusion. It was his means of enjoying life more intimately, of isolating himself in a fervor that nothing and no one can touch.'

Here we recognize the writer whose intellectual formation places him in the post-war generation. Alexis is looking for something that escapes his vision, something beyond. He finds only the pond near which Marie was attacked by Hubert de Prieix.

As for Lise Darembert, she feels, strangely enough, that she is extremely poor. Is that all it is, this estate that she has desired so passionately! But she will not let herself think along these lines and runs to join her son. We leave the two of them, face to face with their desires. What will they find?

I must confess that few novels have left me with so strong a curiosity of what was to follow, a curiosity as violent as that which spurs on the readers of detective stories—but of a different kind. The progressive symbolism of M. de Lacretelle's characters gives them an interest that grows more and more universal and more and more human.

ERINNERUNGEN EINES FREUNDES. *By Alfred Kerr. Amsterdam: Querido Verlag. 1935.*

(Tranlated from *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest)

WALTER RATHENAU and Alfred Kerr—two men whose character, race, and political attitude stand out in sharp contrast to modern Germany, which threw its shadow far before it. Walter Rathenau, former Foreign Minister, fell victim to assassination on June 24, 1922, when he was laid low by two bullets and a hand-grenade as he was riding down the Königsallee in Grünewald. Alfred Kerr, for ten years a critic on the *Berliner Tageblatt*, where he served as prophet to a whole generation of writers, all of whom, including Gerhardt Hauptmann, to name but one of many, owe him a debt that can never be repaid, is living as an émigré like thousands of others somewhere on the face of the earth. And now the Querido Verlag of Amsterdam has published his book on Walter Rathenau.

The author does not call his *Memories of a Friend* a biography. 'I want to describe my recollections of this man,' Kerr explains, 'without psychological hair splitting but with the desire to reveal the foundations of his soul. In these pages Rathenau will be depicted unclothed. It will be a very human portrait, a rather intimate one. He will not be taken off his pedestal, nor will he be glorified. His picture will be neither touched up nor toned down. Here I describe Rathenau's politics and his everyday life, or perhaps I should say I draw from Rathe-

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nau's everyday life and Rathenau's politics what is both serious and trivial. The private man is more important to me than the public figure.'

In these words Kerr describes the manner of his book. Concerning the contents, concerning the human being with which the book deals, concerning the central problem under discussion, he writes, 'A man who at the outset was worldly, proud, snobbish, ambitious, almost to the point of being a renegade, rose selflessly, if not indeed in spite of himself, to great achievement. Heroism lay at the basis of his character. He exchanged his happiness for the categorical imperative, his own private life for the highest degree of responsibility. There was an element of the saint in him. Yet it was in spite of these qualities that he failed, not because of them. He failed because he was born the member of an important minority that lacked the stormy, yet, at the same time, often weak, qualities of an animalistic race. I believe it was not the bullet of the murderer but the marrow of his own bones that ultimately explains why he did not complete his work. He was a Jew.'

KERR views Rathenau's development from the perspective of a friend who was not with him continually but saw him at brief yet important moments. Every encounter revealed the differences that arose between them as friends. From a great many snapshots the figure of a man arises, the figure of the great industrialist, Walter Rathenau, renowned holder of eighty-four directorates, who for many long years made important decisions for Germany behind the scenes. His activities date back to the very beginning of the War, when in 1914 a lack of raw materials threatened Germany with immediate catastrophe.

Kerr writes as follows, 'The German diplomat, Count Harry Kessler, whose superb book on Rathenau is well known, expressed the following opinion, "Catastrophe was avoided only by the activity of Walter Rathenau, who took the necessary measures with unexampled speed and foresight," when he overcame the danger of a nitrates shortage.'

Here Walter showed his devotion to duty. His almost maniac worries about the responsibility that had been laid upon him bore their first important fruit in the form of his aid for Germany. Harry Kessler has called Rathenau's supervision of raw materials 'an act with results of world-historical importance.' Walter began his War work as 'a weak Oriental,' as he called himself, with a very heavy heart. But his own efforts were the precise opposite of weak. One of the great problems that Rathenau confronted when he fought for Germany was that he belonged to the company of weak Orientals. Jacob Wassermann's book, *Mein Weg als Deutscher und Jude*, which was born of his own inner conflicts, holds true of Rathenau also in this respect.

Politics seemed to him secondary. Rathenau always engaged in politics as an economist, and it was the economic relationships and background of politics that absorbed him. Kerr describes a conversation that he had with Rathenau during the World War:—

'He declaimed almost paradoxically, "I feel myself compelled to love my bitterest enemy in the innermost places of my heart."

'I asked, "Is this a political atti-

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tude? It seems to me rather a Biblical one. I do not understand."

'He said, "It is an economic attitude. I am convinced that the ultimate decision in all this madness will not lead to a victory but to an economic compromise between partners. That is the way it will come out. You need have no doubts on this score. Everything that has happened up to now is merely superficial."

'To-day I believe that he was right. He also said, "Nevertheless, we must try to win the superficial victory and devote all our energies to that end. We must put into it everything that we have. This is most peculiar, but it *must* be."'

When Rathenau was Foreign Minister, he was the man who represented Germany most powerfully to the outer world. Kerr saw him before he set out on his important journey to the Genoa Conference. At this time Rathenau still paid great attention to his clothes, to his little pointed beard, to the brilliance of his even row of teeth, though later increased work and the constant attacks of an ever-growing circle of enemies that surrounded him led him to attach less importance to his outward appearance. Before Genoa, however, he still cut a distinguished figure. '"Your cravats look differently now," I said to him later with a smile. He agreed with grim humor. "My valet says the same thing, but I hardly have time to sleep. How can . . ."

'In his later days the most striking aspect of his appearance was his teeth, in which cavities began to appear, which he would never have permitted before. The man who had attached such importance to outward appearance seemed to be leading an inner life because of the work he was doing. When I suddenly saw him before me not long before the murder, my limbs quivered.

'It was an almost historical quiver, for the transformation of this man whom I had known when he wore the freshness of youth into the figure of a self-denying monk offered an astounding contrast between past and present. It reminded me of the emotion one always feels in looking at Rembrandt's different self-portraits at various periods of his life. Walter Rathenau became shabby, not because he had been drinking through pleasure or despair but, if I may say so, because of Germany.

'Rathenau performed a unique service for Germany; even his enemies do not deny this. Practical politicians know to-day that it was Rathenau who led Germany back into the position of a Great Power among the other Great Powers at Genoa. They know that in Genoa respect for his character led to a respect for Germany that was later destroyed by others. They know that here lay the road to revival without bloodshed, without poison gas and bestial, pestilential bacilli. They know that without Walter Rathenau Germany would by now have been dismembered, that without him Poincaré's plan would have conquered, and that an independent Rhineland would to-day be a reality. That is no small accomplishment.

'They also know that a human man, a man of the future, stood here and worked and felt.'

At the end of the day on which Rathenau's own life ended at the hands of assassins, Alfred Kerr was staying with Bernard Shaw in London. The murder was naturally the topic of conversation that evening.

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'"Rathenau possessed the kind of suggestive power that affected his opponents and makes trouble to-day," said Shaw. "It is a serious blow to the pacification or stabilization of Europe when the ablest men are done away with. At the beginning of the War it happened to Jaurès. But now it has happened to the man best able to ward off future disaster. Jaurès, too, was a capable man, skilled in practical politics and not a mere idealist."

'Shaw viewed everything without sentimentality, very realistically, and continued, "Rathenau knew how to captivate people. For instance, he talked with my wife and me as if he had known us for ten years. Extraordinary. In one respect, he was a little like Mirabeau, remarkable as it may seem, and in spite of all the differences between a cosmopolitan philosopher and a hot-head. But he shared Mirabeau's opinion that wild, crazy events could be influenced by the fluid of a personality. His own career bore this out. It is an infinite pity that he died."'

Thus Kerr's book draws the portrait of a friend. But the aspect of the friend who is depicted is not the only source of interest here. We also see Kerr, the great stylist, standing head and shoulders above his contemporaries, who now find it easy to ridicule his mania for stylistic finish after a whole generation of journalists and writers have learned from him what he was the first to create when he blazed a new trail. In this book Kerr gives us a brilliant, lively, and important mosaic and recaptures the whole world in which Rathenau moved and all the people in it. He does this with the complete assurance that he possesses to such a high degree.

Kerr has defined the function of the critic as writing about his own experiences, as the creative artist writes about imaginary experiences, and making a drama or a novel of them. But experience is merely the foundation on which the creative artist works. He adds tones and colors and all his personality. Thus Kerr's book on Rathenau is not merely a book on Rathenau; it is also a book on Kerr, as is everything that Kerr has written. And, since he is a man worth knowing, his book is one worth reading, even for those who are unfamiliar with the figure of Rathenau.

LE DERNIER JOUR DE LA CRÉATION. *By Edmond Jaloux. Paris: Plon. 1935.*

(André Bellessort in *Je Suis Partout*, Paris)

WE HAVE few novelists as profoundly melancholic as M. Edmond Jaloux. I shall not recall the beautiful novels he wrote after *Le Reste est silence* and *Fumées dans la campagne*, two masterpieces, until the appearance of *La Grenade mordue* and those admirable short stories, *Dessins aux trois crayons*. Though they do not all bring out the inanity of living, they make us aware of the fleeting illusions of life and the intimate misery of our own hearts. The author's form is sometimes incisive, almost always very beautiful, and rich in the artistic discoveries of a naturally sumptuous imagination.

His most recent novel, *The Last Day of Creation*, offers many examples of these traits. Two children, pressing close together, imagine a trip through the world at the moment when 'the great organ of twilight' is about to play. 'Gold and red stream together over the world. The sea, like gushing

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steam, runs to meet the night.' Jaloux's nature descriptions are never long. Of a cabaret at night he says, 'Rich men are frozen in bored poses. The women scrutinize each other with hatred, taking note of each other's pearls, dresses, teeth, skin, examining each other carefully to discover the real age of their rivals under the mask of make-up. Their faces are tense, without softness, caught in a meshwork of fine wrinkles. They reflect the deadly boredom of a life that has no goal but vanity, no satisfaction but the defeat of another.' Such powerfully written pages are a pleasure to read. The only reproach that one might make to M. Jaloux is his excessive meticulousness in the choice of words. Take this sentence for instance: 'She carried around her neck, on which the passing years had left their circular imprints, all the epidemics of a colony of oysters.' At the same time, however, there is an association of ideas between these epidemics and this age-ridden neck that makes the sentence rather humorous.

Two particularly dramatic scenes fall in the category of those inner tragedies that are M. Jaloux's happy hunting ground. After Régis Boisselat has attained widespread renown, he opens an exhibit of his work. His numerous successes have convinced him that he is a great painter. But he is beginning to be disenchanted. He looks at the portraits he has painted; all these faces have accompanied him through life. Some of them were once dear to him. He has studied them. He has tried to plumb the soul that lay hidden under the features. He has seen desire and tenderness in their eyes, and to-day none of these portraits seem 'to reveal the personal knowledge that he had of the models.' He has not been able to reproduce the profound truth of human beings. All his work takes on 'a doubtful, unfinished character' and leaves him indifferent and cold.

There is an even more melancholic chapter than Régis's walk through his exhibition. It is the chapter in which he visits his father, a former diplomat now living in retirement in Normandy. When his wife died, M. Boisselat at first bore the loss with resignation, 'for he believed in the bottom of his heart that it was a woman's duty to die first.' (Such bitterly comic remarks are rather frequent in M. Jaloux's work.) But with the passing years her absence has become more difficult to bear. Régis questions his father about his mother, whom he remembers in a familiar and far-off way as a gay, light woman with a talent for music, who used to sing in a pretty and somewhat tremulous voice. Régis knows less about her than about Catherine de Medici or Sarah Bernhardt.

He soon sees that his father does n't know much more. The son's questions made M. Boisselat feel convinced that his wife remained a perfect stranger to him. He married her for a whim, neglected her, was unfaithful to her, and never asked himself whether she knew about it, whether she suffered because of him, whether she wanted to treat him likewise, and whether she indeed did so. He lived for twenty-five or thirty years with a woman whose feelings, ideas, and real life he ignored. Régis's curiosity disturbs him to the point of anguish. 'It's cold here, don't you think? We'll have a fire made.' It is not really cold in the room, but M. Boisselat does not know

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to what he should attribute the chill that runs through him and that makes him think that the temperature has dropped.

Such scenes as this place a novelist above competition. M. Jaloux has a tendency to attenuate their effect. He should rather stress them more strongly.

The book takes its title from a sculptor who plays a merely secondary rôle and who never succeeds in completing his work—'The Last Day of Creation.' I did not grasp the symbolic intent of the title and of Régis's delirium, which seemed to me rather conventional. Are we to believe that the creation is not yet complete? And are we to go on living in anticipation of 'the great morning free from all uneasiness when everything will be accomplished?' This metaphysical calculation confuses Régis's character, who seems to unite in himself the will of the artist and the indecision of the man.

He has not known how to pluck happiness from the branch that fate bent in his direction. At Fiume, where his father was stationed as consul, he loved a young girl, whose family was on intimate terms with his own. And I do not think that anyone has analyzed adolescent love better than M. Jaloux in the early pages of this novel—the love that blooms in the heart of the adolescent, patterned after theatrical episodes, for 'it is through the artificial that nature penetrates into man,' and the child first sees the beauty of things in reproductions. His sensuousness is born from a detail briefly seen. (And with what minute insistence we study the forewarnings of sensuousness.) The first kiss when lips meet to quench his thirst for an unknown joy; and, finally, his imperious desire for solitude, during which he will be more free to think of this young girl, who has revealed to him a world of new sensations and to whom he has nothing more to say. Every note is exact and delicate in the idyllic story of the young Frenchman, Régis, and the young Hungarian girl, Viola. It goes on for several years and is broken off only when Régis, who has made up his mind to be a painter, definitely settles in Paris. He forgets Viola and abandons her.

'How heavy is passion to a human being who hopes to make an empire his own! Régis threw off this load. He meant to travel alone that he might hear the sirens better.' One day he learns that his friend is married, and he feels a heavy sadness 'entirely out of proportion with the indifference that preceded it.' For in his masculine unawareness he thinks that he has quickly forgotten her. He has many mistresses, and they are all the same. Then he is seized with a desire to see Fiume again. To revisit the scenes of his childhood—the French bullets left by Napoleon's soldiers in a courtyard overgrown with grass before the Château of Tersatto; and the phantom of Viola. He is intoxicated with memories of the past. But someone tells him that the Countess of Ssâszy is in Nice, and he goes there to see her. Her husband, who is very ill, is in a sanatorium, and she has a little girl, Hilda.

Both Régis's and Viola's feelings are confused. Though the young woman's heart beat quicker when she awaits his visit, she goes on loving her husband, whom she married for love and whose fate worries her day and night.

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Régis feels an obscure and powerful jealousy toward this man whom he does not know, whose name he does not want to hear mentioned, and who has, in a way, stolen the child that Viola might have borne him. But he is so uncertain whether he really loves his former sweetheart that he refrains from making any declaration. Meanwhile, the count has found out that Régis is in Nice and that Viola has been seeing him. Furiously jealous, he brings her back to Budapest.

Other loves follow in Régis's life, and twenty years elapse before he sees Viola again at Montreux, and then two Violas appear before him—one forty-five years old and the other twenty-three. Is it the drama of *Fort comme la mort* all over again? 'His entire life was in the minutes that he spent with Hilda. But these moments disillusioned him, for she had none of her mother's romanticism. Dreams had not touched her. Sport-loving and vigorous, she lived only through her senses.' He goes away. Viola announces the marriage of her daughter to a diplomat and the appointment of her son-in-law to Paris. The two friends meet every day and spend many hours together. But a great misfortune strikes the family. Hilda dies in childbirth. Viola will bring up her granddaughter, and Régis will be the old friend who will always find his armchair waiting in the evening.

Though this novel, many curious episodes of which I have omitted, ends on a note that tries to be consoling, the melancholy of it is so great that one wonders whether this unconscious love, this half-love that ends as an old friendship, is not after all the happiest thing in these two lives. Had they married young or been lovers later, would their happiness have been greater or their memories more comforting? M. Jaloux is the supreme painter of those vague destinies that, let us hope, will find their consummation elsewhere.

How Are the Mighty Fallen

I quite understand that the behavior of some of the younger members of the House of Lords renders it impossible to entrust them with a share of the Government of the country. Peers who become bankrupt or marry into the lower classes cannot expect the democracy of the day to accept their votes without criticism.

—A. A. B. in the *Evening Standard*, London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Three Enter Immortality

THREE 'Immortals' have been elected to fill as many vacant chairs at the Académie Française, and the innocent bystander cannot help being shocked by this cynical—and symptomatic—immortalization of mediocrity. The conservative press, however, chortles with glee, for two of the candidates—André Bellessort and Jacques Bainville—are regular contributors to *Je Suis Partout* and the third, Claude Farrère, has proved his reliability by taking part in the mud-slinging campaign against Victor Hugo. Apparently, there are not enough sinners among the living to appease these bloodthirsty, righteous men; they resurrect the dead and reprimand them severely.

André Bellessort, globe-trotter and literary critic for *Je Suis Partout*, began by interpreting Tacitus and Racine to the pupils of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand; he now interprets contemporary authors for adult readers. Though Jacques Bainville lays claim to some literary excellence, he will be remembered chiefly as an economist and an historian. In the light of recent political developments his election is more timely than M. Bellessort's, who has neither political significance nor 'immortal' literary value. In 1920 M. Bainville published a book entitled *Les Conséquences politiques de la paix*, in which he clearly foresaw the outcome of the Versailles Treaty:—

'The Treaty deprives Germany of everything but the most important thing —political power, the creator of all other forms of power. It thinks it has taken away the weapons that made Germany dangerous in 1914, but it has left her the principal weapon—the State, a central State that has at its disposal the resources and strength of sixty million human beings, whose passions it will serve.

'The Treaty leaves these resources and this strength in the hands of a single Government; the guarantee that it pretends to offer is disarmament. The authors of peace reason in the following manner: possession of excessive military strength drove Germany to war and conquest; a Germany with a handful of men under arms—a mere 100,000, just enough to enable her to keep order within her territory—will be pacific and harmless. "The Germany army," Lloyd George declared, "was the keystone of Prussian politics. We had to disperse it, dissolve it, disarm it, make it impossible for it to assemble again, preclude the possibility of a similar army." And that was to be enough. Germany was to be Germany no longer. A weak argument, unworthy of a statesman. Napoleon said the same thing about Prussia, and it would be strange indeed that Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clémenceau should repeat his error did they not draw their basic ideas from the same source as he—the eighteenth century.

'It is the very nature of Prussia, a country of colonization and of conquest, that created Prussian militarism. The Knights of the Teutonic Order preceded the Hohenzollern. They left them a need and an instrument. Along the uncertain and always disputed frontiers of Germany and the Slavic nations, in a country without natural boundaries, open to the four winds, military strength is a necessity. The Heimatschutz has grown up under our very eyes almost spontaneously, like a Teutonic Order of democracy. The remains of the imperial army and scattered bands of soldiers have taken refuge in the frontier lands—in western and eastern Prussia. Perhaps the new forces of militarism are coming into being here. All that is still needed is the occasion and the man to set this militarism in motion.'

And, as M. Gaxotte reminds us in *Je*

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Suis Partout, that man came, and his name was Hitler.

The third candidate elected, Claude Farrère, whose *Les Civilisés* was awarded the Goncourt Prize in 1905, brings into the Hall of Fame and Immortality a few travel books, a few 'exotic' novels (*Les Civilisés*, which depicts the decay of Occidentals in the Orient, falls in this group), and a few unclassified volumes. He also brings a fine pair of whiskers and the title of Naval Commander. Even the Right-wing press, which cannot reject its own, has tempered its praise in greeting this undistinguished representative.

But, as usual, omission speaks as loudly as open choice, and the Académie has been severely censored for overlooking Paul Claudel, who, by the way, was nominated to the seat that Claude Farrère succeeded in carrying off during the election. Whatever one's personal attitude toward this Catholic writer and diplomat, it must be granted that he is a great poet and perhaps an 'Immortal,' who will be remembered as one who wrote poems and plays in long verses and who, by some trick of reason, reconciled a diplomatic career with a Catholic conscience. Claudel clearly belongs in the Académie, which has been severely reprimanded for not receiving him into the fold. M. Gabriel Marcel, writing in *Europe*, draws up the verdict:—

'By rejecting Paul Claudel and accepting the author of the *Marche turque* in his place the Académie Française has passed a far more severe judgment on itself than its most passionate detractors ever did. The case is quite clear to-day, and one wonders whether the truly great writers among the Forty—Valéry, Mauriac—were not admitted by mistake. We must simply say that the Académie has taken its stand against greatness. I have no intention of declaring myself an unquestioning admirer of Claudel's; my reservations are legion—as is always the case when speaking about a truly great man. But I shall never weary of asserting that we Frenchmen have the dangerous tendency to think of perfection as the exaltation and sublimation of mediocrity in its pure state. There is no doubt that among those who voted for Farrère on other than personal grounds there were several who saw themselves as the defenders of "the purest French qualities." Such an illusion, which at any other time would be simply laughable, takes on a different character in the light of present circumstances, for it is an indication of a habit deeply rooted in the French mind—to misjudge itself and to dwell in the most futile, sterile, and formal conception of itself.

'Some may claim that "the Académie Française indicates nothing whatever." But I am convinced that this is not so, in so far as the Académie is a conservatory, with all that the name implies of complacency and negative pretentiousness. These last elections are a demonstration that is both deliberate and involuntary, for they show that those who are supposed to represent the country and be its conscience are not only incapable of playing this rôle but do not even suspects its nature. To recognize a reality and a value is not merely the essential but the initial step for anyone who pretends to judge, to choose, and to decide. If this preliminary function is not fulfilled, subsequent acts are replaced by their own caricatures. We are in a world of fantasms. A fantasmagoria without brilliance or grandeur—with a Palace of Mirages as its city hall.'

Mummers of Mongolia

THE Soviet régime has made a dramatic entrance on the stage of Outer Mongolia with the establishment of the first national theatre in Ulan Bator Khoto. Just as the missionaries followed in the wake of the conquering imperialist Powers (or, sometimes, vice versa), so the Soviet theatre follows the revolution —with this difference, however: Moscow has not tried to establish its own dramatic art in Mongolia but has fostered the

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growth of a theatre that is genuinely representative of the lives and customs of the people.

Though Mongolia had no theatre before the Revolution, its peasants and herdsmen had acquired the taste for dramatic performances through the annual festivals, which are held during the summer season and which feature athletic competition,—running, wrestling, riding,—folk music and songs, and narratives by wandering poets. The present theatre has not tried to displace these ancient festivals; on the contrary, it has worked itself into them and assumed an important rôle.

The National Theatre was created by a group of young people who wanted to give dramatic expression to the events of their own times and to the daily lives of the Mongolian people. Having no plays at their disposal, they wrote their own scripts and acted them, often with no rehearsing whatever. Shortly afterward, a dramatic school was established in the capital to train future actors and playwrights, so that in 1933 a well-trained, well-organized group visited the Moscow dramatic-art festival, where it received a warm and enthusiastic reception from the leading Soviet critics.

To-day the Mongolian National Theatre has in its repertoire several plays about its national hero, the revolutionist Sukhe-Bator, shorter comic plays, satirizing the remnants of the past, and even a translation of Sergei Tretiakov's *Roar, China*, an ambitious piece for a young and comparatively inexperienced group to attempt.

Furthermore, these young actors have not been willing to remain comfortably in Ulan Bator Khoto, which is hardly what we should call a luxurious town but which boasts a revolving stage—the only one in the country. They also spend several months each year 'on the road,' euphemistically speaking, for this road winds its way along the Gobi steppes.

Many performances are given out in the open—either at summer festivals or at 'special performances.' A square is marked off with flags to indicate the stage; another set of flags indicates the space reserved for the orchestra. Next comes the section for the listeners who sit, then the section for the listeners who stand, and, finally, the last rows are reserved for the listeners on horseback.

This revolutionary theatre has penetrated into the deepest recesses of the country, where it has been cordially received by the people, for the National Theatre has remained truly national, and, though the ideas it presents are Moscow-born, the plays themselves deal with situations that are peculiar to Mongolia and with characters who are familiar to a Mongolian audience. Furthermore, it has kept in close touch with the country's cultural past; it has used the old music and songs in its plays; it has trained its orchestra to play the national instruments. The people of Mongolia see in this theatre a worthy successor to the wandering poets and musicians of the past.

In Memory of Maiakovski

THE year 1935, which marks the fifth anniversary of Maiakovski's suicide, has seen entire issues of the *Literaturnaia Gazeta* and other journals devoted to articles about, and poems by, this great Soviet poet. Every stage of Maiakovski's life and creative work—from the time when he startled his fellow countrymen with futurist poems to the post-revolutionary days when his quatrains and poems were recited by soldiers and peasants the length and breadth of the land—has been discussed. The futurist Maiakovski, who, before the War, wore a pink cloak with gold stars and painted pictures of dogs on his face and the faces of his companions (for Maiakovski was an accomplished caricaturist), has received kindly and amused treatment from contemporary Soviet critics—especially from those who knew him and who are still under the spell of his extraordinary personality. But no one has discussed the

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Maiakovski who committed suicide in 1930, for suicide is a form of escape that the Soviet régime does not condone, and he who prefers an exiguous grave to life in the glorious Soviet land must be despicable indeed—and a fool. Not wanting to reprimand Maiakovski, the press has kept politely silent on his great, final error.

But, whatever condemnation may be reserved for the 'escapist,' Maiakovski's work has been praised to the skies, for Soviet critics recognize in him one who brought supreme technical mastery to the cause of the Revolution. It is commonly thought that because so many sloppily written stories and novels come off the Russian press year after year that Soviet criticism regards technical perfection as a useless bourgeois ornament. The exact opposite is true, for the clamoring of the leading critics for good writing increases in proportion to the amount of second-rate work. Maiakovski was fortunate in that he was a poet before he was a revolutionist, and, whatever extremes his new faith drove him to,—his hatred of the older writers, notably Pushkin and Tolstoï,—he never forgot the craftsmanship he had so thoroughly learned. For Maiakovski loved words as every poet must, and he loved them for their own sake. In his article 'How One Writes a Poem,' which was translated in the October, 1933, issue of THE LIVING AGE, Maiakovski explained that revolutionary zeal is not enough for poetic creation and that 'a poet must have the habit of elaborating words' as well as a thorough understanding of the social need to be supplied.

This habit was one of Maiakovski's most precious gifts. He would sometimes listen absent-mindedly while one of his friends delivered a long harangue and then suddenly interrupt him to seize upon a word the sound of which took his fancy, lifting it from its context and playing with it like a ball. 'We must send out a banderole,' his friend Brik remarked on one occasion. Maiakovski looked up. 'Banderole,' he pronounced slowly. 'Banderole.' He repeated the word, syllable by syllable. 'The band of artists was given a rôle. They gave the band a rôle.' His voice rose, exulting in this game. And shortly before he died, he told his friends, 'I have made such a discovery that every poet will envy me. The poetry I shall write will be absolutely new and completely unlike anything that has been done before.' What that discovery was no one knows.

One of the most interesting panegyrics delivered in Maiakovski's honor on the fifth anniversary of his death comes to us not from the press but from the Sovremennik Theatre (the Contemporary Theatre), which presented a play entitled *The Poets*, written and acted by Vladimir Yakhontov and dedicated to 'those two giants of Russian poetry—Pushkin and Maiakovski.' But before saying anything more about the play, we should inquire into the nature of this new theatre—the Sovremennik.

Yakhontov's theatre proposes to do two things—to present dramatic chronicles about the Communist Party and to create a Pushkin theatre, comparable to the Shakespeare theatre. The principal reason why this young actor has set himself up as defender of Pushkin is that Pushkin's plays in verse are generally considered 'undramatic' by most producers and Yakhontov is particularly interested in reinstating poetry to the rank he believes it deserves in the contemporary theatre. As for the first aim, it needs no particular elucidation. The Sovremennik hopes to clear the ground for some truly great chronicle plays about the Communist Party—similar in scope to some of Shakespeare's historical dramas. It has already presented two such dramatic chronicles—*Petersburg* and *War*, but we have not yet come across any information as to their nature or effectiveness.

Another peculiarity of the Sovremennik is its love for small casts. Unusual as this may seem, coming from the land where the masses are everything, this theatre

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requires the services of only one actor—Yakhontov himself. But, if anyone should ask him when he will 'read' his next play, he will indignantly reply, 'That's like asking an organist when he will play a guitar or a sculptor when he will dance Apollo.' For Yakhontov claims that his plays are acted and produced, and that behind his individual performance stand the painstaking labors of two directors.

From accounts in the Soviet press, it would appear that *The Poets* is not entirely successful. Though Yakhontov has chosen his quotations from Pushkin and Maiakovski with poetic insight and dovetailed the parts with exquisite care and subtlety (the entire play consists of actual excerpts from the works of these two poets with added bits from Derjavin, Nekrasov, Aseev, and others), he has somehow failed to create an integrated performance.

The opposition of Pushkin and Maiakovski is not only interesting from a literary point of view; it acquires ironic significance from the fact that, when Maiakovski—an extremist and always *plus royaliste que le roi*—changed the star-spangled cloak of futurism for the Red flag, he declared that people should cease reading Pushkin and, generally, should discard the literature of the past. And now, five years after Maiakovski's death, an actor and a lover of poetry puts these 'two giants of Russian poetry' into one play, in which he impersonates them both. And, from what we hear, the play is a dud.

Music Goes International

BY THE time our readers receive this issue of The Living Age the population of Florence will be in the midst of a six-week musical splurge. For Mussolini has appointed Florence to be the city of culture,—just as he has made Rome into the supreme law-giver and Turin and Milan, the centres of industry and commerce,—and this ancient city has assumed a rôle for which it is supremely fitted.

Concerts and musical discussions; dissertations on the relation of music to the allied arts of the theatre; operas and ballets will fill every evening during Florence's 'musical May.' France will, of course, be lavishly represented, and no effort will be spared to emphasize the close relationship between the 'two Latin sisters,' who are still in the 'effusive stage,' their reconciliation being of such recent date. To celebrate this happy event the Paris Opera has appeared on the scene with a full load of actors, ballet-masters, and sets to present Rameau's *Castor et Pollux* and a series of modern ballets to music by Debussy, Lalo, and Ravel.

Austria, too, naturally figures among the invited guests. She is 'doing' a Mozart week, featuring the *Requiem* with Austrian singers under the direction of Bruno Walter and Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* with the Vienna Philharmonic. Italy, however, is holding her own with Rossini's *Moses*, a Biblical opera, and an eagerly anticipated modern work—Ildebrando Pizetti's *Orseolo*. Rino Alessi's *Savonarola*, under the direction of the great Frenchman, Jacques Copeau, will be presented on the Piazza Signoria, the very place where the Dominican denunciator was burned at the stake.

In the field of criticism the festival will feature Pirandello, Henry Bordeaux, Guy de Pourtalès, and G. K. Chesterton—enough, in short, to make this Florentine bill-of-fare pleasing to almost any palate—except, perhaps, the art-for-art's-saker's,—if such there still be,—who will be irritated by what André de Blonay in the *Journal de Genève* calls 'the association of art and politics and the definitely international character of the gathering, which gives the attentive observer a clear picture of the recent regrouping of the European Powers.'

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THE SCIENCES AND SOCIETY

SOCIAL PLANNING—as most of us by now are quite ready to admit—must be planning for security. And security is meaningless unless thought of in relation to the material problems of human life: housing and shelter; food, clothing, and health; transport, communications, and power; educational and cultural facilities. But it is just these problems—in all their multiplicity and infinite variety—that it is the business of science to help us understand and of technology to help us solve. The conclusion is a matter of elementary logic (much too elementary, it appears, to suit the hair-splitting talents of our leading Economystics): without the unimpeded collaboration of science and technology no security—therefore no genuinely social planning—is possible.

An excellent statement of this familiar theme is to be found in the essay contributed to the volume, *On Economic Planning* (New York, Covici, Friede, $3.00) by Mary Van Kleeck, the very active and courageous American director of the International Industrial Relations Institute. Writing on the rôle of the technician and educator in a really planned United States, Miss Van Kleeck thus answers the question, 'What is planning?':—

'To plan is to determine what the future course shall be, not merely to forecast it and not to dictate it arbitrarily, for the control that accords with planning is control by knowledge. To set free productive forces through knowledge of the laws by which they operate is also to set free human beings, for whom the material basis of life will thus be organized in accordance with basic natural law. This is freedom in a collective sense made necessary by evolution itself, which moves from the individual through the collective to a higher life for the individual. This requires elimination of the "force" whereby society's institutions become instruments of exploitation of one group by another group, the power to exploit arising out of private possession of the means of production, which is clearly incompatible with a social-economic plan for the welfare of the community as a whole. In contrast is the so-called planning that aims to restrict production for the sake of the interests of a part and is therefore not scientific and cannot develop the productive forces.'

Miss Van Kleeck supports her thesis by numerous facts drawn from reliable sources, chiefly official, all converging on the central fact of deficiency in housing, food, clothing, health, schools. Much of this material, it is interesting to note, was supplied by the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity, whose preliminary report by the director, Harold Loeb (*The Chart of Plenty*), we discussed in this department last month. The resulting picture is one of colossal productive capacity, impressive technical personnel and raw-material reserves—all suffering from that 'inversion of science' which Frederick Soddy regards as the greatest evil of our time.

WHAT THE technician himself thinks of this picture—at least when he examines it honestly—may be read in another chapter of the above-mentioned volume, *On Economic Planning*, which we heartily recommend to the attention of all our readers. Discussing the question, 'Unused Productive and Technical Capacity in the United States,' that exceptionally well-informed engineer, Walter N. Polakov, directs a few more shattering blows at the illusion of scarcity. For example, taking 1919 as index 100, productivity per man-hour had increased in selected industries by 1929 as follows: food and food products, 188; textiles and products, 147; printing and publishing, 246; chemicals, 194; petroleum and coal, 214; iron and steel, 191; transportation equipment, 208. With the exception of iron and steel,

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all of the above had registered still further advances by 1931; in the automotive industry alone a recently perfected 'broaching machine' can finish 1,600 parts in the same time formerly required by 4 machines to finish 60 parts. In more general terms, labor productivity rose from 100 in 1919 to 147 in 1932; during the same period the value added to manufactures per man-year of labor rose from $2,491 to over $5,000—while the index of wages fell from 100 to 78. Mr. Polakov shows that 'the loss represented by non-utilization of labor' (a direct consequence of capitalist 'efficiency': production for profit rather than for use) rose from $536,000,000 in 1919 to the stupendous figure of over 25½ billion dollars in 1931.

ANOTHER—this time strictly official—view of what Stuart Chase has called 'the tragedy of waste' may be found in the report of the National Resources Board. In Part IV of this report, which deals with minerals and mineral policy, we find statements like these:—

In one natural-gas field of the United States about one billion cubic feet of gas are blown into the air daily: twice the supply of the United Kingdom and forty times the combined supply of all the Scandinavian countries. 'During the time that it would take the ordinary person to read over this report, enough fuel will have been wasted in our gas and oil fields and coal mines to keep at least 10,000 relief families warm during the winter.'

In 1923, according to the figures of a government investigation, losses from coal-mining averaged 35 per cent, of which 20 per cent was avoidable. This meant irrecoverable losses of 150,000,000 tons of coal per year, 'enough to supply the entire requirements of the German Reich.' 'Conditions have since grown worse,' stated Howard N. Eavenson, president of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers.

The proved oil reserves of 1934 that were recoverable by usual methods are estimated at about 13 billion barrels (United States only). At the 1933 rate of production this would last some 15 years: 'the United States is depleting its supply of oil at a more rapid rate than any other country that possesses oil reserves of major importance.'

'In iron ore the incomparable Mesabi range, opened in 1893, has already yielded nearly half of its really high-grade ore, and the rest will hardly last another 40 years, though fortunately there are huge tonnages of low grade.'

'THE GOVERNMENT'S Responsibilities in Science' was the subject of an address delivered in March before the Yale Chapter of Sigma Chi by Dr. Karl T. Compton. As chairman of the recently established Science Advisory Board, Dr. Compton has the job of making science a vital issue in all government activities—and keeping it so. Superficially, the problem seems easy enough: there are at least 40 scientific services in the Government, and their total appropriations account for roughly half of the total national expenditures in scientific and industrial research, according to Watson Davis, of *Science Service*. Unfortunately, this total is 'only about 0.3 of one per cent of the total budget of the Federal Government,' and, since the depression started, scientific appropriations have been reduced by amounts as high as 60 per cent. It is, therefore, not surprising 'and somewhat disheartening to note that our country, with all its boasted progressiveness, has paid less official attention to science as a means of combating our present difficulties than any of the other Great Powers'—foremost among which Dr. Compton places the Soviet Union.

Improvements are most urgently needed in the Patent Office, where, as a result of inadequate money and staff, patents have become 'invitations to sue': over 65 per cent of all patents subject to litigation are declared invalid by the courts; in the Geological Survey and

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Bureau of Mines, where poor coördination and management are largely responsible for our 'woeful inadequacy of statistical information in regard to minerals generally'; in the Bureau of Standards, whose extremely vital activities have been reduced by at least 70 per cent; and in the various surveying and mapping services, for 'we are the only progressive nation in the world whose country has not been adequately surveyed and mapped.'

Comparing this picture with that which he finds in the Soviet Union, Great Britain, Japan,—even in Italy and Germany,—Dr. Compton is frankly annoyed: 'As soon as we got into trouble,' he writes of the United States, 'we cut our government expenditures for scientific work more severely than those of any other government activity.'

EXTREMES MEET. Dr. Compton, whose political beliefs are eminently respectable, thus outlines his 'programme for putting science to work for the national welfare':—

'There is needed, on the one side, the coöperation of the scientists of the country generally to assist the Government in putting the work of its scientific bureaus on a scale of maximum efficiency and value. There is needed, on the other hand, *a new type of government leadership* whereby the scientific men of the country may be brought together to make an intelligent and coördinated attack on the great problems that are facing the country at those points at which science may offer hope of alleviation or solution.'

Now read the following passage with special reference to the phrase I have emphasized in Dr. Compton's statement:—

'What could be better than to organize our technicians, the best that can be found (and the very best are available), for the purpose of giving a scientific and detailed answer to the question, "What could be done with the full employment of all workers and technicians, in the fullest possible exploitation of existing machinery and natural resources, with all capitalist limitations removed, toward raising the standards of life of the whole population at a progressively accelerated rate?"'

The second quotation is taken from the same volume that contained the above-discussed opinions of Mary Van Kleeck and Walter N. Polakov. Few intelligent readers can question either its sentiment or its implied challenge—even when they know that its author is Earl Browder, General Secretary of the Communist Party, U. S. A.

FRAUD AND CHICANERY are not the most pleasant subjects for a summer's day—or for any day. And they are especially disagreeable when discussed in connection with their exact opposites, science and technology. But it seems that we are living in the kind of world where knowledge can become profitable only when it deceives and where skills can survive only when they become sleight-of-hand. Last month we illustrated this theme by a brief account of *Partners in Plunder*, a vigorous if somewhat overwritten attack on business malpractices in the production and sale of everything from lipsticks to motor cars. If we return to it so soon, our excuse must be that *The Popular Practice of Fraud* by T. Swann Harding (New York, Longmans Green & Co., $3.50) is too good to ignore, alike for its temperate treatment of the whole field of anti-social commercial practice and for its exceptionally rich material on the medical and drug rackets. A few examples should send many of our readers to the book itself:—

Recently, an investigation was carried out for the three or four thousand drug commodities sold in pharmacies. 'It was found,' states Mr. Harding, 'that the average American per-capita expenditure for drugs annually was $5.50, of which only $1.50 went for doctor's prescriptions. It was also found that, largely in response to such advertising expenditures as have been listed above, Americans spent about

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$300,000,000 a year for totally unnecessary drugs and medicines. The annual drug bill as a whole (cosmetics excluded) was $715,000,000, of which only $190,000,000 went for prescriptions, but $360,000,000 for patent or proprietary medicines, and $165,000,000 for simple home remedies.' In other words, not less than $70,000,000 a year is spent to make Americans 'drug-conscious'—a point that is somewhat forgotten in our complaints of the high cost of medical attention.

PUBLIC HEALTH is seriously menaced either by powerful drugs like pyramidon (amido-pyrine) and phenolphthalein taken indiscriminately, or by useless preparations that needlessly prolong both physical and psychological suffering. For example, the last-named drug, although frequently quite toxic in its effects, occurs in over 100 proprietary medicines, mostly of the 'laxative' type. Several of these, noisily advertised as harmless, have been known to cause severe skin eruptions. 'Cinchopen,' the commercial name for phenylquinoline-carboxylic acid and its compounds 'exert a toxic effect upon certain tissues of the liver': their presence in a number of so-called 'rheumatism and arthritis cures' has been known to cause death. A 'dandruff cure' was found to contain potassium arsenite, and the 'Sanborn treatment' for diabetes has been denounced by the Federal Trade Commission as dangerous and unscientific. There have been 'cures' even for that most dreaded and least known of diseases, cancer. One, marketed by Norman Baker, containing an arsenic powder for external and a serum for internal use, was proved to have been used by thirty or forty victims, whose deaths were certified to have resulted from—cancer. Another, Lester Tilton's cancer cure, was based on zinc chloride and carbonaceous matter: Tilton was subsequently found guilty of violating the Food and Drugs Act. So-called 'ethical preparations' (made, sponsored, or recommended by responsible physicians) exploit the current delusions about vitamins, hormones, gland extracts, to the large profit of the owners and often fatal results to the 'patients.'

'Alka-Seltzer,' widely advertised as a corrective for acid stomach, has been shown to contain large amounts of aspirin, salicylic acid, citric acid, and sodium bicarbonate—not bad for 'a simple effervescent alkaline tablet.' And so on, through the whole realm of human ailments—including that apparently incurable one known as credulity. Dr. Harding, who is a veteran in the war for honest commercial practices, sees little hope for the consumer except in such legislation as that proposed in the misnamed 'Tugwell Bill,' so bitterly fought by food and drug interests as hostile to American liberties. It is difficult to believe that one or a thousand bills can of themselves eliminate the most powerful—because most profitable—activity of the Acquisitive Society—the popular practice of fraud.

THERE IS GRIM humor in the following passage from Jonathan Norton Leonard's recent book, *Tools of To-morrow* (New York, Viking Press, $3.00). After describing, in a very readable style, some of the more impressive contributions of science and technology to a world that is seemingly incapable of making the most of them, Mr. Leonard imagines the technicians as relieving their long pent-up indignation thus:—

'What's the matter with the rest of the outfit?' they ask disgustedly. 'We tell them how to raise all kinds of food, and they start eating garbage. We design a long-range plane for an air line, and they start wondering if they can drop bombs on Tokyo. We find some mineral we need in Africa, and Congress slaps a duty on it to protect a little hole-in-the-ground mine in Colorado. We figure out a cheap and easy way to make something, and they all jump on us for causing unemployment. Was n't that what they wanted us to do—save labor?' —HAROLD WARD

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AS OTHERS SEE US

A Frenchman on American Humanism

JEAN CANU, writing in the *Europe Nouvelle*, interprets the 'Roosevelt experiment' as a transition between the liberalism of the past and the coming American revolution, which will be led by the younger generation and inspired by that great French Humanist —François Rabelais:—

When I speak of American youth, I mean the young men and women who are either graduating from the universities and the technical schools, or who have recently done so. In age they range from twenty to twenty-five years. They are no longer children, but they are not grown men and women in the European sense of the word, for the Americans age slowly, if at all.

What are their first common memories? Probably grand processions of flags, enthusiastic cries, and the *Star Spangled Banner* being passionately sung, marking the entrance of the United States into the War and the victory of civilization. Some of the richer ones recall the sudden disappearance of their *Fraulein*, who was replaced on the following day by a *Mademoiselle*, who taught them the *Madelon*. Life begun under such auspices could lead only to glory and happiness. That is what these children heard repeated over and over until they entered college to study the science of sciences—political economy. Then even the most careless of these young people noticed that in the space of four years their professors often changed idols and creeds.

Everywhere to-day there is the same uncertainty and groping—political uncertainty, for within the Federal Government the opposition of the two traditional parties means nothing whatever and does not correspond even to a vague feeling of fidelity to a particular team, and frequent scandals show the entire nation that Cabinet members, legislators, judges, and high officials are so many marionettes in the hands of business men and bankers and even of ordinary criminals.

As for American foreign relations, internationalism has never been so much discussed and so little practised. Each nation isolates itself in the attempt to live as though it were the master of the world. War threatens not only in Europe—for this would be nothing at all—but also along the coast and on the waters of the so-called Pacific Ocean.

There is even more social uncertainty. A country founded on the profit motive and the liberty of the individual is dying of misery in the midst of its useless and ill-distributed wealth. In its distress it is forced to recognize the Government most opposed to its own faith, the U. S. S. R., which is quite in style to-day. Everyone is trying to take a little trip to Russia, where unemployment does not exist. And why should n't the social system that is so firmly established over a sixth of the world's surface be suitable for the United States? At any rate, class consciousness is born and is no longer willing to assume that the wealth of the millionaires is indispensable for the poor people's happiness, either in this world or the next.

Material difficulties, which the United States flattered itself never to know—want, poverty, and misery—have reappeared all the more cruelly because the people have lost the habit of counting pennies and of restricting themselves and because the young people have been dazzled by the ease and prodigality of their elders. During a season or two it was customary to display a Spartan simplicity. The more fortune had favored you, the

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more you were supposed to wear rags and to invite your friends to share in some doubtful Irish stew in the nearest cafeteria. This hypocritical, stupid little game quickly went out of style and left nothing but bitterness in the hearts of those whom necessity really reduced to this kind of existence.

At this point a conflict appeared with which we in France are very familiar—the old conflict between students holding scholarships and the so-called 'heirs,' who tried in vain to hide the advantages they derived from the substantial remains of their fathers' fortunes, while the scholarship holders armed themselves with their brand-new science to demand the abolition of every economic privilege. Millionaires were the objects of universal admiration and respect so long as their wealth appeared high and solid like a chain of mountains, a natural force that protected the life of the humble folk gathered at its feet. Then, overnight, they became prehistoric monsters, useless and ridiculous, if not actually despicable. Wealth has lost its prestige, but Saint Francis of Assisi has not yet replaced Rockefeller or Ford in the hearts of the young people, who dream only of plans and planning, in other words, the organization of economic and social life.

No young people under thirty years of age will dare declare themselves in favor of the liberalism of their fathers, individualism of initiative, effort, and profit. Some of them no doubt regret these things in secret, either for reasons of personal interest or because of fidelity to the only American tradition—'go and get it.' But almost the entire new generation is convinced that the 'go-and-get-it' system is inadequate because it is no system at all. Figures, statistics, diagrams, formulæ, and curves, all the hypotheses of the social sciences are useful but likewise insufficient, and that is why Russian Communism interests the American younger generation without conquering it. The young people like to wave the Red scarecrow in the faces of their elders, but they see its holes, for, to their way of thinking, it lacks a genuinely human face and the supple, changing features that we discover in the faces we hold dearest. People speak about the American revolution, for the word has always been fashionable on the other side of the Atlantic, and a real revolution has actually taken place in the area between the Atlantic and the Pacific—a psychological revolution.

The extraordinary thing is that, in this country of improvisation carried to the nth degree, the best of the younger generation no longer believes in improvising. In this country of figures and statistics the best of the younger generation no longer believes in figures and statistics. The critical spirit and the sense of the concrete hold places of honor. It is no longer a question of rushing madly into action, which may do no more than provoke clashes and confusion similar to those that caused the agony of industrial civilization. Nor is it a question of reducing men and things to abstractions and of reasoning from these abstractions back to their source, as though the shadow preceded the body instead of following it. It is a question of thinking, of considering more than one idea at a time, of not being duped by formulæ or words. This novelty may seem as old as the world itself, but modern society, particularly in America, would not have given two cents for this truth until very recently.

At first glance, the younger generation is divided by the various contradictory attitudes of its members. Since the young people have tested scientific theory and found it wanting, they like to stress the relativity of knowledge. But, contrary to the corresponding generation in France, the generation of Péguy and Maritain, they have not concerned themselves up to now with the religious problem. The powers that be continue to build chapels in the universities, and it is as difficult as ever to get the students into these chapels on Sunday morning.

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The limitations of photographic realism, as exemplified by Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis, are all too obvious, but Walt Whitman's humanitarian romanticism is even more old-fashioned. The young people no longer consider the United States as the country of all virtue and all wisdom, but why should they seek lessons and an example from a Europe that obviously lacks a unified conception of itself? Certainly, the edifying spectacle that it made of itself in 1934 has not made Europe dear to the heart of America. Furthermore, the new régimes that set themselves up as the successors to the political institutions of the preceding century—Communism, Fascism, and Nazism—are equally repugnant to the American temperament and share the scorn for the human being and the cult of the unified spirit, from which the rising generation wants to deliver the United States.

It goes without saying that American youth is watching the Roosevelt experiment with passion and is thankful to the President for preferring man to the machine and for not trying to save vested interests at any cost. The young people are not seized with indignation as their fathers and mothers are in the face of billions of dollars spent on public works of questionable utility. To save millions of human beings of flesh and blood from despair and hunger seems preferable to maintaining the debit and credit columns in equilibrium. Organizations created in Washington and elsewhere and the continuous extension of Federal services place young economists in important executive positions. And yet the younger generation is aware of the fact that, though Roosevelt has a sense of human values, he has first and foremost a sense of the voter, which is not the same thing. His task is to help the United States through a difficult transition and thus to make possible the renaissance that the young people are preparing.

A spiritual renaissance without precise dogma or belief, freedom of spirit and a common rhythm, the abolition of ready-made theories and abstract rationalism—how this still confused excitement would have delighted Rabelais. And it is not by chance that this great writer has never been studied or admired so much in the United States as to-day. Rabelaisian in its ways and its language, the new American generation is even more Rabelaisian in its intellectual orientation. They have had enough of pedantry, on the one hand, and enough of hypocritical laissez-faire, on the other. It is time 'to break the bone and taste the substantial marrow.' Humanism is beginning to sprout in the United States.

Spanish Prophecy

JAIME MENÉNDEZ, foreign correspondent for the *Sol* of Madrid, forecasts stormy weather for President Roosevelt in the next two years:—

In little less than a year the country will again be flooded with the passionate waves of demagogy that precede presidential elections. The influences and ambitions that stir public opinion are already mobilizing. Even Mr. Hoover, who could hardly accept the sound rebuff he received at the polls in 1932, has enlisted. But the Republican Party, which he continues to lead,—in spite of many politicians, including Mr. Ogden Mills, who would like to assume his post,—finds itself in the same sad position that most conservative parties occupy in these paradoxical times. Whatever the nature of the next elections, one may be sure that the Republican Party will go down to the same defeat that it suffered in the last congressional elections.

After mentioning the business man's attack on the Roosevelt programme, Mr. Menéndez describes the rôle of Father Coughlin and Huey Long:—

These two figures, which Wall Street hopes will cut into the votes of the Demo-

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crats and thus assure a Republican victory, are creating an atmosphere of doubt and confusion, but it is not difficult to ascertain their real purposes. The 'radio priest' exploits with an easy tongue and the most complete lack of scruple subjects that demagogues have always seized upon to confuse the masses. He speaks of the 'redistribution of wealth,' of 'Christian socialization,' and numberless similar concepts, while he himself is accused of making huge winnings on the stock market, aided by those who hope that, if worst comes to worst, he will be a Yankee Hitler or, at best, one of the instruments that will bring about Roosevelt's downfall.

Mr. Long's position is no different. On the contrary, it is even clearer. His favorite theme is 'share the wealth,' which he expounds to suit his fancy, promising every American citizen a house, a farm, and no less than $5,000 with which to begin life over again. Since there are about 25 million people in the United States who have no other choice but to seek aid from the Federal or local Government, promises of this sort can carry far.

Even more significant is the movement of discontent and unrest that is sweeping the farm belt of the Middle West and Far West. Here there are signs of deeper radicalization among the millions of ruined farmers, whom neither Long's promises of a house and garden nor the social zeal and Catholic fervor of Father Coughlin can convince. What they want is inflation to cancel their debts, and they form to-day one of the strongest centres of the growing opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's policy. They do not understand that the latter is forced to go more slowly every day because he is meeting increasing and multiplying obstacles, for they want to be left in peace and not have their farms fall by the hundred thousands under the hammer of the auctioneer.

To this group of proletarianized farmers must be added the millions of people who live on the borders of misery or in misery itself. Take the situation in New York. In a city of 7 million people more than a million are out of work, which, according to the most recent statistics, means that a third of the total population—2,664,000 people—need public charity in order to exist.

These are the conditions under which the Republican Party is preparing to do battle with Mr. Roosevelt, but it has not perceived that it may be bringing on its own destruction, for the resources of one of the most sagacious and intelligent politicians in Yankee history are not yet exhausted.

A Cautious Communist

N. OSINSKI, who visited this country in 1925, returned last year for a six-week visit, the greater part of which he devoted to lecturing about economic conditions in the Soviet Union and visiting American automobile plants. Here are some of his impressions:—

Fifty years ago the hundred-per-cent American enjoyed widespread popularity and importance. He was a typical product of capitalism in its young and flourishing period. Such an American assumed the defense of all things that were then considered American—especially economic individualism and the social-political system that went with it. As the representative of American chauvinism and the defender of the bourgeois system, his influence on politics, literature, science, art, and customs was enormous.

But to-day he has disappeared from the scene, and a fresh breeze has blown through all spheres of social life. Of course, the first American Fascists are appearing on the horizon, and they are even less attractive than the hundred-percenters, but it remains doubtful whether they will achieve any signal success in the near future.

A wavering, critical, and somewhat radical state of mind finds expression in

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the most everyday aspects of life. In the movies, for instance, we have such films as *Viva Villa*, the central character of which is the leader of a Mexican peasant rebellion. Although it is edited so that the farmers and workers will not feel too inclined to follow in the footsteps of these rebels, this picture depicts an agrarian revolution with obvious sympathy. And the public applauds at the crucial moments. Another film, *Imitation of Life*, presents the Negro problem in a radical spirit, and an excellent Negro actress plays one of the leading rôles. We could name many films that have a definite social and political context, for the cinema is answering the public demand for a social outlook, trying at the same time to direct the wave of unrest along safer channels.

Turning to political subjects, Mr. Osinski compares Dr. Townsend's activities to some of Baron Münchhausen's tricks, who, taking himself firmly by the hair, pulled himself out of the mire. Though he gives Huey Long more serious consideration, he questions his chance for the presidency and doubts whether the American public will entrust its destiny to a 'circus rider.' His doubts about the inevitability of American Fascism are almost unique in a Communist:—

The success of Fascism in America depends upon President Roosevelt's success or failure. He is backed by the liberal capitalists who are not involved in heavy industry and the banks that support it,—in contrast to the Hoover-Mellon set-up,—by the merchant class, the petty bourgeoisie, the wealthy farmers, the intellectuals, and the working-class 'aristocracy.' This bloc, which is unsteady both in its composition and in its political outlook, is trying to 'stabilize' American economy without altering its economic and political basis. It is trying to direct the discontent of the masses along safer channels by giving the smallest possible concessions. However much it may run counter to the ideas of the 'radical' members, this bloc is definitely conservative and is upheld by the inertia of the capitalist system itself. If this inertia proves sufficient and the economic reserves prove adequate for the immediate future; if economics and the political machine continue to function while they are not fueled to capacity though they must carry the additional load of the many unemployed; then Huey Long's shares will not soar sky-high. This hypothesis is not impossible in view of the unbalanced growth and decline of the capitalist system. On the other hand, the opposite hypothesis is equally possible. And this double possibility is characteristic of both the wavering spirit and the unsteady social-economic machine of the United States.

England on Scottsboro

THE Conservative London *Spectator* comments as follows on the famous Scottsboro Case:—

In ordering (not for the first time) a retrial of the celebrated Scottsboro Case, the Supreme Court of the United States has laid down a principle the consequences of which for the South should be far-reaching. It has quashed the previous trial on the ground that Negroes had been arbitrarily excluded from the jury. Such exclusion—which, of course, has been the regular practice over a large part of the South—the Supreme Court held to be inconsistent with the American Constitution. Here is indeed a charter of justice for the Negro, though one easier to enunciate than to make effective. Possibly a first consequence of it may be to increase the frequency of lynching. But, when that abomination is put down, the result should be a distinct step forward. It is curious how little notice of it, comparatively speaking, has been taken in England.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

classical virtues more frankly and eloquently than most anti-Marxists dare to do, and for that very reason he does not leave the reader with the feeling that his conservatism arises solely from his desire to keep certain privileges that he enjoys under the present social order.

SOVIET Russia has already produced one reporter of first-rate literary ability in the form of Ilya Ehrenburg, and in Vladimir Lidin it seems to be on the point of producing another. His description of the fields of Flanders twenty-one years after the German armies marched over them is a fine piece of work, and it comes to a surprisingly moderate conclusion in that it does not prophesy immediate social revolution under the leadership of the Communist Party.

THE Rome correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, by all odds the best daily paper in Switzerland, gives a complete account of the Italian press under Fascism. Mussolini has not reduced the Italian newspapers to quite such uniformity as Hitler has imposed on Germany, but he has not yet been able to develop any Italian journalists as brilliant as Friedrich Sieburg or Paul Scheffer, who are still on the job in the Third Reich.

WHATEVER General Göring's shortcomings may be, his partiality to the opposite sex has never been questioned, and his marriage to Emmy Sonnemann shows that he is not even above marrying a non-Aryan, although he does not advertise the fact.

IT IS impossible to condemn too strongly the irresponsible folly of the authorities in Washington for their preposterous silver policy, and we are delighted to find that at least one Chinese has risen to the occasion with an open letter to Senator Elmer Thomas. We commend the words of 'Junius Sinicus' as a combination of wit and wisdom worthy of the closest respect and attention in the United States.

THE province of Sin-Kiang, or Chinese Eastern Turkestan, has figured frequently in our pages as one of the most important areas in Asia. The Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, has just returned from a tour of exploration there that he made under the auspices of the Nationalist Government of Nanking, and the China correspondent of the London *Times* summarizes the results of the journey.

THE *Manchester Guardian*, published in the centre of Britain's textile industry, naturally watches Japan with an attentive, if slightly jaundiced, eye. Its article on the religion of Japan, written in Tokyo, tries to prove that Christianity is not the only opium of the people and points out that the vested interests in Japan use the same tricks that the Russian Tsars did to perpetuate their privileges by cultivating a widespread belief in the supernatural.

THE name of Professor Paul Keller is already known to our readers as the author of two articles on Japan in recent issues. He visited the country as a special correspondent of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, and his last dispatch, written as he was about to set sail for Europe, summarizes many impressions of the country that others have recorded in more matter-of-fact terms.

IT IS extremely doubtful that Field Marshal Erich Ludendorff will ever wield any real power in the Third Reich, but he is an important figure, none the less. A greater commander than Hindenburg, he also has the distinction of being the first eminent German to discover Hitler's potentialities. Unlike many other generals, he never paid so much as lip-service to the Weimar Republic, and in consequence he is being honored to-day.

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